Saturday Review

of Literature

VOL. XXXII No. 49 DECEMBER 3, 1949 ITY CENTS

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CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

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IN

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THE SHOW MUST GO ON

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FOR A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

To understand our world better, choose books of authority by experts who have a complete understanding of their subject. Here are six such books for wide-awake Americans . . .

American-Russian Relations in the Far East

By PAULINE TOMPKINS

What is behind the crisis in China, in Korea? This complete history of relations between Russia and America in the Far East from 1895 to 1948 tells the full story of the strategic, psychological, moral, and diplomatic jockeying between the two countries, and throws new light on the present situation. $5.00

The Constitutional World of Mr. Justice Frankfurter

Edited by SAMUEL J. KONEFSKY

Here the mind and character of a great Supreme Court Justice are illuminated through a selection of his notable judicial opinions. They reveal his views on civil and political rights, government and economic interests, criminal justice, bureaucracy and judicial control, and other problems of our day. $4.50

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By MODY C. BOATRIGHT

What our great-grandfathers used to laugh at! This history and anatomy of frontier humor is bursting with examples of anecdotes and tall tales, with stories told by frontier lawyers, the humor of the pulpit, political jokes, jokes on manners and men, and some of the mythology of the frontier. Invaluable as a rich history of folk-ways, or as a treasury of authentic early American humor. $3.50

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to the 1917 Revolution

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This monumental volume is the first work in any language that covers the economic history of Russia from earliest times down to the Revolution of 1917. A vast compendium of historical economic data — much of it original material — the book is unique even in Soviet Russia, where it is used in the universities. It contains 21 rare and unusual maps. $13.00

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By HUGH MILLER

With a wealth of argument based on wide knowledge of religion, philosophy, and the natural and social sciences, the author writes a book showing how men and nations can — and must — cooperate with each other. It offers scientific reasons why such cooperation is possible, and why we may be optimistic about the future. $3.00

A History of the Old South

By CLEMENT EATON

A complete history of the South from colonial days to 1861, showing the whole complex of forces — social, economic, and intellectual — which have made the South unique in American life, and stressing the growth of a Southern culture created by all classes of society, rather than by an aristocratic élite. Full of fascinating new material and intimate details from diaries, newspapers, slave records. $7.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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Some really good books for gifts of permanent value

(TEAR OUT THIS AD AND USE AS A CHECK LIST)

THE Case of General Yamashita

By A. FRANK REEL. A book so devastatingly revealing that reviews have been banned in Japan by the military government. It tells the story of the "judicial lynching" of General Yamashita by a military court which substituted vengeance for justice. *$4.00*

The History of Nature

By C. F. VON WEIZSÄCKER. "A profound study of nature and of man's relation to nature, by a natural scientist who really understands the unique dimension of human existence."—*Reinhold Niebuhr.* *$3.00*

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By JAMES B. HERRICK, M.D. A famous doctor's colorful reminiscences that go back to Lincoln's funeral procession. He tells, too, the story of one of the great transformation periods in the history of modern medicine—a story in which he played an important part. *Illustrated, $5.00*

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By CARL BINGER, M.D. A fascinating volume that presents to the layman the aims and methods of modern psychiatry. Includes *Medical Information and Misinformation, Anxiety, New Partnerships for Psychiatry,* and twelve other topics. *$4.00*

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
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This Week

Christmas Book Number

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For Christmas

Harnett T. Kane

author of **Natchez on the Mississippi**, etc.

Queen New Orleans:

City by the River

The colorful, turbulent story of New Orleans—from the wonders of the past to the piquancies of the present. "Until you have read this book it will be difficult for you to understand how a biography of a city could be so exciting and colorful."—Calvert Carroll, *Baltimore News-Post.* Lavishly illustrated. $5.00 at bookstores.

Margaret Mead

author of **And Keep Your Powder Dry**, etc.

Male and Female: A Study of the Sexes in a Changing World

The brilliant climax to Margaret Mead's 24 years as an anthropologist . . . a frank, human approach to the normal problems of growing up in the United States: what it is to be a male, what it is to be a female. "The most mature work of one of our keenest thinkers."—Clifton Fadiman, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $5.00

John Erskine

Venus, the Lonely Goddess

As deliciously provocative as *The Private Life of Helen of Troy!* Here is Venus living on Olympus with her somewhat scandalous in-laws—a young matron with *Ideals*—determined to go down and teach mortals the principles of Creative Love. Delightful drawings by Warren Chappell. "Of the first magnitude."—Gene Fowler. $2.75

MORROW

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TRADE Winds

THIS IS THE TIME of year when "special Christmas book sections" are a dime a dozen in metropolitan newspapers all over the country, and book publishers pour a half million dollars or more into list ads to grace these sections. Their object is twofold. One, of course, is to dangle their choice items before a populace that buys more trade books in December than any other six months combined. The other is to give a tangible sign of gratitude to out-of-town newspaper owners for maintaining year-round book pages when week-to-week advertising revenues fall a mile short of justifying such a feature from the business office's point of view. If the book publishers obviously cannot support these pages regularly, the least they can do is to make this one annual gesture.

There's a catch to their generosity, however. All of them want—but obviously cannot get—the same space allotment—the first right-hand page, perhaps, or the column next to the most popular feature in the medium concerned. The squawks of the unfortunates whose ads must be relegated to less attractive positions are so inevitable and raucous that beleaguered newspaper advertising executives have come to dread the special sections despite all the revenue they produce. I've done my full share of this squawking when the unfavorable position of a Random House ad offended my delicate sensibilities, but I'm frankly beginning to wonder if all the sound and fury are worth while (and the first advertising solicitor who takes advantage of this admission is going to be conked on the noggin with a copy of the latest nine-pound "bedside" book).

Do *you* pay less attention to an advertisement in the rear pages of a book section than to one in the front? Are *you* inclined to overlook a left-hand page and concentrate your attention on copy on the right? Does it make a noticeable difference if an ad is at the top of a page instead of the bottom, or on an inside column instead of an outside one? Maybe you've never been conscious of a discrimination that exists none the less. Do me the favor of putting this issue of *SRL* to the test, or the current ad-laden Sunday book section of your favorite newspaper—and drop me a line summarizing your reactions.

Maybe a few of the greatest worries of advertising agents and their friendly enemies, the men who make up the book pages, have been based on false premises. If so, it's time all of us knew it! . . .

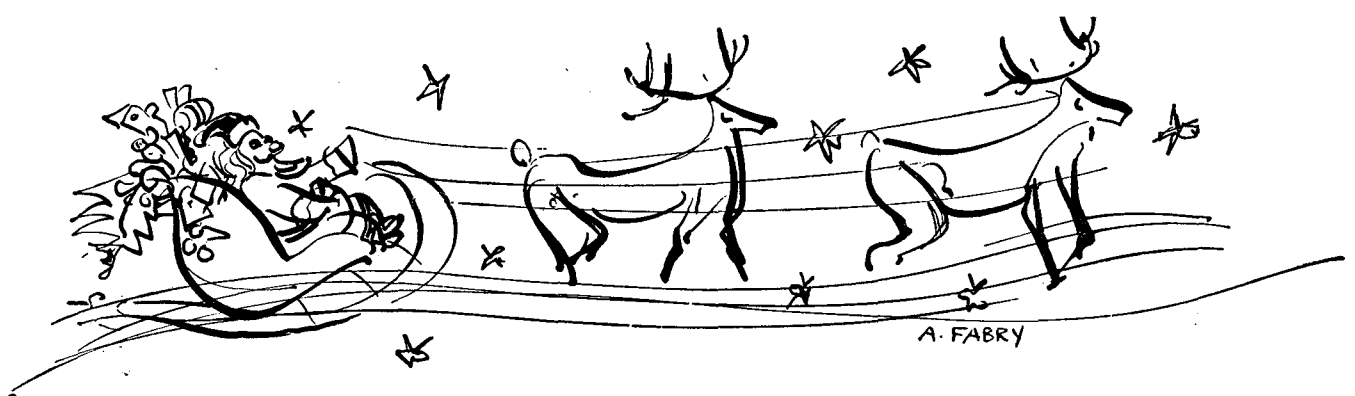
WHILE WE'RE on the subject of book advertising, I'd like very much to hear what type of ad appeals most to *SRL* readers. Are you influenced unduly by the size of an ad, as well as its position? Will you read a lot of explanatory copy printed in small type, or do you prefer a lot of white space with the blurb cut down to a minimum? Do you pay attention to quotes? (Pro: Quotes from recognized critics are more impressive than superlatives from the publisher himself. Con: A favorable quote usually can be dug up even for the worst piece of tripe.) Do pre-publication raves for a book from fellow-authors give you the urge to rush out and buy a copy? (Pro: Uninitiated readers will say, "Well, if *he* thinks it's good . . ." Con: Sophisticates—and who isn't sophisticated these days?—may suspect that the quoted authors simply are repaying a favor, or rolling a few twigs, or are too weak-willed to resist the pleading of an over-persistent publisher).

Here's the most important question of all: are you more likely to respond to a full-page ad for a single book than an equal amount of space divided among four or five titles? Obviously, publishers can save money if, without overcrowding, they can combine several of their leading titles in one display. At least one author I know, however, insists that "list ads" are nothing more than advertisements for the publishing house that inserts them ("institutional copy," he calls them), and objects to the costs being charged against the books they feature.

If advertising executives could coax satisfactory answers to these time-honored quandaries, there would be a lot of well-developed ulcers looking for new dwelling places. . . .

THE SECOND annual exhibition of paintings by famous amateurs, for the benefit of the National Urban League, has been packing them in at the American Artists' Galleries on Fifth Avenue. Abel Green, *Variety's* colorful impresario, headlined his story "Road Co. Renoirs Boff B.O." Among the distinguished authors who took brush and palette in hand to aid the show were Frederick Lewis Allen, John Gunther, Oscar Hammerstein, Moss Hart, Laura Hobson, Irving Hoffman, Fannie Hurst, Dorothy Kilgallen, Emily Kimbrough, J. P. Marquand, John O'Hara, Quentin Reynolds, Margaret Sanger, Robert Sherwood, Toots Shor, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Grace Tully, and James Warburg. Sherwood's title, "Lion Couchant and Worried," stopped art-lovers cold, and so did General Harry Vaughan's "The Path of Investigation," which depicted a couple of U. S. Senators as pumpkin heads. The show was spearheaded by Fleur Cowles and my own little wife—and Lord have mercy on anybody who was rash enough to stand in their way. . . .

APPLETON-CENTURY'S dramatic announcement that they would publish Kathleen Winsor's second novel in April 1950 gave the town's seasoned conclusion-drawers a field day. How had Macmillan come to lose or relinquish an author whose first immortal effort, "Forever Amber," they had launched with such fanfare in 1944? And was Miss Winsor disappointed, perchance, because they had sold only



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RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

William Faulkner's

first "detective story"

KNIGHT'S GAMBIT

➡ Gavin Stevens, Mississippi lawyer and rare student of human nature, is one of Mr. Faulkner's most memorable characters. $2.75

Superb cooking with a Texas touch

A TASTE OF TEXAS

➡ More than 300 mouth-watering Texas recipes, culled from some 2,000 sent in to the famous Neiman Marcus Company by Texans born, Texans by proximity and Texans by adoption. A valuable addition to the books on America's regional cooking. $3.00

MAUPASSANT:

A LION IN THE PATH

By FRANCIS STEEGMULLER, *author of* FLAUBERT AND MADAME BOVARY. "Discerning and skillful. Even more significant than the recital of Maupassant's life, is the explanation of why his works are so sexual, so filled with seduction and adultery."—*Newsweek. Includes 4 stories never before translated into English, and 10 photographs.* $5.00

A nostalgic account of three gadgets that revolutionized America
—the auto, the movies, and radio

Not So Long Ago

By LLOYD MORRIS

author of POSTSCRIPT TO YESTERDAY

➡ Social history of a new kind . . . a brilliant and witty biography of the gadgets that started, innocently enough, as toys for the wealthy . . . but may end up as the monsters in all our lives. Here is America growing up in a bewildering age of magic . . . a spectacular era which began with the bicycle and ended with television. *504 pages, indexed, and illustrated with over 100 rare photographs.* $5.00

Random House Highlights

A RAGE TO LIVE

By JOHN O'HARA. "In days to come we may well put A RAGE TO LIVE among the great novels of our decade."—*N. Y. Sun.* $3.75

EARTH ABIDES

By GEORGE R. STEWART, *author of* STORM, FIRE, *etc.* The story of a man who held in his own two hands the creation of an entire new world. "Masterful story-telling, laden with suspense and surprise." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* "Superb and provocative entertainment." — *Saturday Review.* $3.00

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

By VINCENT SHEEAN. "Of all the interpretations of the life and teachings of Gandhi, this is the most remarkable." — *Chicago News.* $3.75

Christopher Isherwood's

THE CONDOR AND THE COWS

➡ "South America viewed through the temperament of a novelist who is well up among the best. Factual data sandwiched between lighter and gayer passages. Fine and revealing photographs by Bill Caskey."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.50

THIS I SAW:

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GOYA

By ANTONINA VALLENTIN, *author of* LEONARDO DA VINCI. "An outstanding biography of one of the greatest painters of all time. Written with a novelist's skill. Extraordinary . . . a splendid performance."—*N. Y. Times Book Review. With 20 gravure reproductions of Goya's work.* $5.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES, **RANDOM HOUSE, NEW YORK**

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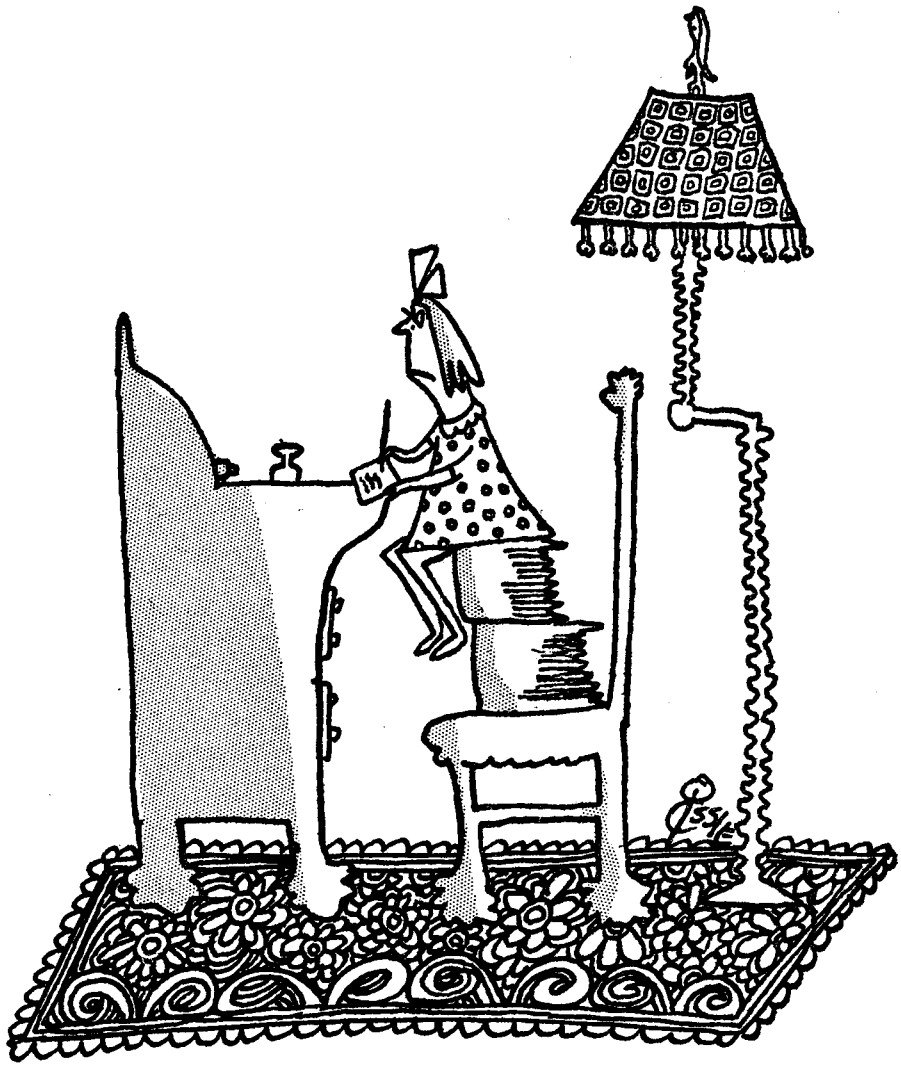
America's largest-selling brandy...

CORONET brandy

makes the lighter highball

makes your favorite cocktail!

Write today for Coronet's free recipe booklet, **"29 ways to use Coronet V.S.Q."**
Brandy Dist. Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.
California Grape Brandy 84 proof.



"Your advertisement called the book 'daring and informative.' Why, my goodness, there wasn't a thing in there that a six-year-old girl wouldn't know, so that I am returning the book to you with hopes that . . ."

about 1,750,000 copies—without benefit of book clubs?

Macmillan's own Jim Putnam, pressed for an explanation, struck a Gromyko-like pose, and huffed, "No comment." Sam Rapport, of Appleton's, said blissfully, "Miss Winsor's new novel has been four years in the making. The setting is modern this time. It is a searching character study of a girl who wins phenomenal success in her twenties." Miss Winsor was content simply to look herself—which was good enough for about 99¾ per cent of the male population. . . .

MILDRED SMITH, the popular editor of *Publishers' Weekly*, was one of the first people in the book trade to discover the extraordinary appeal of Kathleen Winsor. Even before "Forever Amber" made her nationally famous, she bowled over susceptible gentlemen with the speed of a Gypsy Rose Lee—and she didn't have to take off a thing either. Miss Smith, dining with Miss Winsor, noticed that the food was served faster, the head waiter hovered constantly near, and even the bus boy (remember this was the time of wartime restrictions) bestowed butter-pats as though they were grains of sand. When the girls passed through the lobby, the crowd made way for them reverentially.

It was raining outside, and there were no taxis in sight. "Kathleen will take care of that," thought Mildred happily, and she was right. A driver saw them from across the street, signaled wildly, and broke three traffic regulations with a bold U-turn in the middle of the block.

Inside the cab, however, it was Mildred Smith's moment of triumph. Ignoring Miss Winsor completely, the driver exulted, "Remember me from the Hotel Seymour hack-stand, Miss Smith? I seen you standing there in the rain, so I came around to get you!" —BENNETT CERF.

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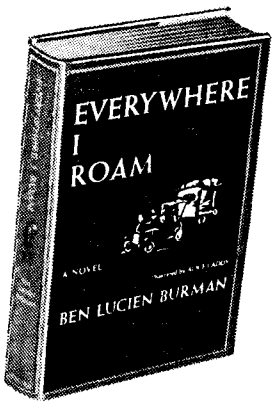
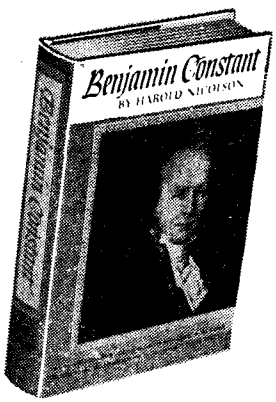
Stars on your Christmas list...

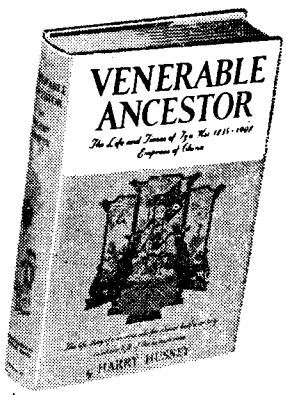
GIFT SUGGESTIONS FOR SATURDAY REVIEW READERS



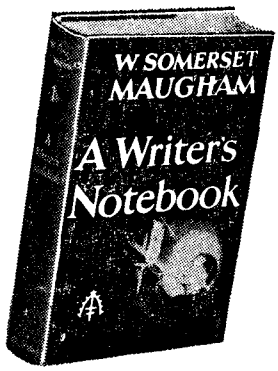
★ *"Ben Lucien Burman* introduces us to another unforgettable character, Captain Asa in EVERYWHERE I ROAM. Burman draws him magnificently." —Harry Hansen. Illustrated by Alice Caddy. $3



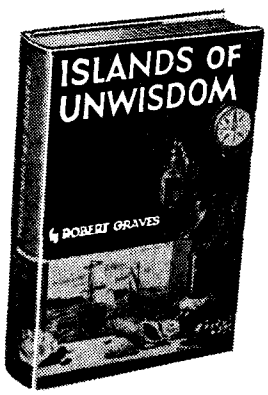
★ "The fascinating biography of a brilliant failure . . . *Harold Nicolson* succeeds in recreating a subtle, complex, enormously engaging person, BENJAMIN CONSTANT."—N.Y. Post. $4



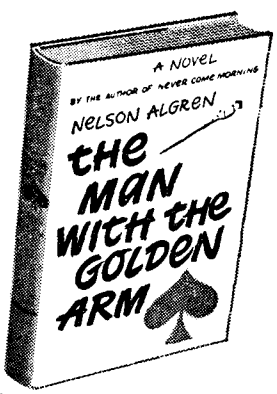
★ "As entertaining and readable as a novel," says Saturday Review of *Harry Hussey's* fine life of Empress Tz'u Hsi, the concubine who ruled China for 48 years. Exquisitely illustrated. VENERABLE ANCESTOR. $4



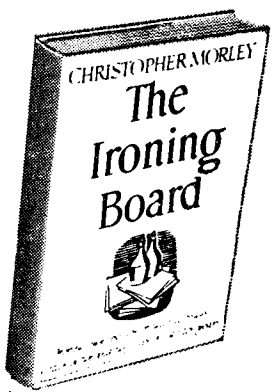
★ The perfect gift for the Maugham enthusiast! "A rich fruitcake of good reading."—Wm. Rose Benét. Read, and give A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK by *W. Somerset Maugham.*
With portrait frontispiece, $4



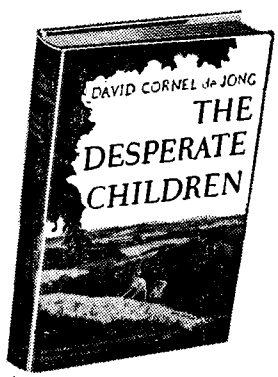
★ *Robert Graves'* major new historical novel is "the Odyssey of one of the strangest flotillas that ever sailed the seas. A first-rate thriller."—SRL . . . THE ISLANDS OF UNWISDOM.
2nd large printing, $3.50



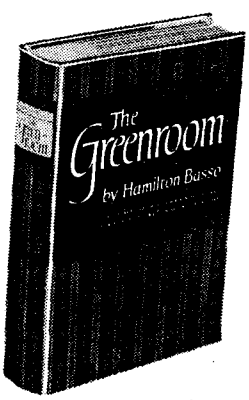
★ One of the most highly praised novels of the year, THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM. *"Nelson Algren* has risen to his full stature as a story teller. This is the highest art."—Kelsey Guilfoil. 3rd large printing, $3



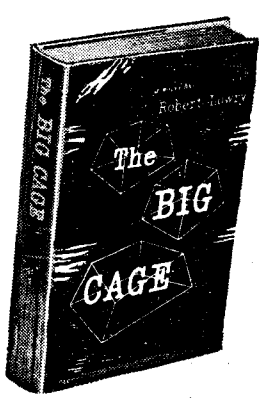
★ John T. Winterich of SRL recommends this selection of *Christopher Morley's* favorite essays written in fun and fury over the past ten years—THE IRONING BOARD.
2nd printing, $3



★ THE DESPERATE CHILDREN is a book for all who want a sincere and serious novel about "growing up." By *David Cornel DeJong.* "A very beautiful book."—Wm. McFee. $3



★ "Fine diverting reading. An urban comedy of manners to be grateful for." — N. Y. Times. *Hamilton Basso's* new novel THE GREENROOM is about a vengeful great lady novelist. $3



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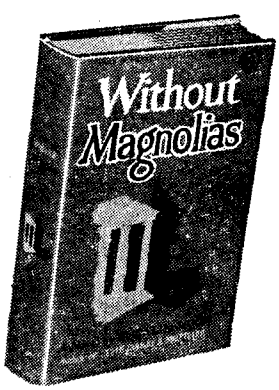

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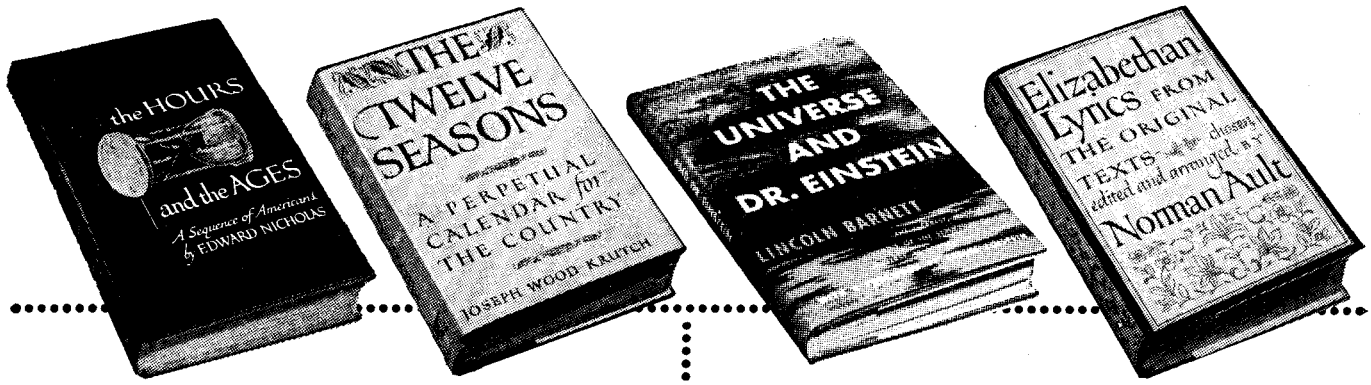

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—Vandamm

Scene from "Allegro"—"a wedding of two crafts."

Where the Song Begins

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SRL is privileged to publish, as a preview, the following portion of the preface from a collection of seventy-one of Oscar Hammerstein's "Lyrics," to be issued Dec. 5.*

Oscar Hammerstein

IT TOOK me years to learn that I did not play the piano very well. I so enjoyed my own playing. I tackled everything—Victor Herbert, Verdi, Leoncavallo, George Cohan. What expression I could put into their music! What exaltation I felt! My mother thought I had "a lovely touch," she told her friends. But when I became fifteen or sixteen my own friends began to express less sympathetic reactions, and it became clear to me that they were not hearing the same music I thought I was hearing when I played. Remembering this illuminating and disturbing experience, I have misgivings right now as I embark on a discussion of lyrics. I am going to love it, but will you? The hunter gloats reminiscently over the last saber-toothed tiger he has brought back alive. So does the songwriter like to tell of how he has captured a refrain and imprisoned it safely behind thirty-two bars. Both are likely to overrate the spare time of their audience.

Almost every layman I have ever met exhibits a real curiosity about songs and how they are written. It is a standing joke among authors and composers that when they meet people the first question asked of them is "Which comes first, the words or the music?" Perhaps it is high time that one of us stopped laughing at the classic query and provided a sensible answer to it. There is nothing foolish about the question. A song is a wedding of two crafts, and it is a natural thing to wonder how they meet and live together.

There is, as a matter of fact, no invariable or inevitable method for writing songs. Sometimes the words are written first, sometimes the music. Sometimes two or more collaborators lock themselves in a room and write words and music at the same time. The kind of songs, the individuals involved, and the conditions under which they work dictate the process. Grand-opera scores are almost always set to texts already written by the librettists. In the case of the most famous of all comic-opera collaborations, it was the librettist, Gilbert, who wrote the words first. He would sometimes mail an entire act to Sullivan, who would then set music to his verses. On the other hand, the lyrics for most of the popular songs and musical comedies in our country today are written after the music. Up until my first collaboration with Richard Rodgers in 1943, I had always written this way. For twenty-five years, collaborating with Jerome Kern, Herbert Stothart, Sigmund Romberg, Rudolf Friml, and Vincent Youmans, I set words to their music. It would seem to most people—and I am one of them—that writing the words first would be a more logical procedure, music being the more flexible and less specific of the two mediums. Why then did I write in this upside-down manner for so long a time?

IN THE first decade of this century there were two factors which led songwriters into the custom of writing words to music. The best musical plays of that time were being created in Vienna. When they were imported, American librettists had to write translations and adaptations for melodies that had been set to another language. In those days we imported not only plays from Middle Europe, but many of the composers themselves came over here, settled down, and became American citizens. They embraced our democratic philosophy, but they found it much more difficult to get used to our language. Lyric writers who submitted verses to be set were horrified by the abortive ac-

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Singing "Ol' Man River" in the center of this picture is Kenneth Spencer, batting for Jules Bledsoe in the 1946 revival of "Showboat" in New York. Around him, going clockwise, are Ralph Dumke as Charles Winninger, Jan Clayton as Norma Terris, Colette Lyons as Eva Puck, Carol Bruce as Helen Morgan, and Charles Fredericks as Howard Marsh. The little figures in the upper corners are Buddy Ebsen as Sammy White and Ethel Owen as Edna May Oliver.

cents written to their words, and they soon found it less trying on their nerves to let the foreign musician have his say first and then write a lyric to fit his melody.

The second influence was not foreign at all. It was distinctly an American one—the broken rhythm. First came ragtime, then jazz. For the purpose of creating these eccentric deviations from orthodox meters, it was better to let the composer have his head. Concomitant with the creation of these new rhythms came what we called, in 1911, "the dance craze." Dancing, once confined to ballrooms and performed mainly by the young, became a new international sport indulged in by all people of all ages in all kinds of restaurants and at all meal times, lunch, tea, dinner, and supper. The hit melodies of that time had to be good dance melodies. This being the most important consideration, it was better for the lyric writer to trail along after the composer and fit his words to a refrain written mainly to be danced to. Many lyrics of the period were about dancing. Irving Berlin wrote "Everybody's Doing It." (Doing what? The turkey trot!) People were also, in other songs, doing the bunny hug and the grizzly bear. Not satisfied with writing lyrics describing dances already established by leading teachers and famous dancing teams, lyric writers set to work creating dances, giving them names, and hoping that the public would follow them.

I have conducted no exhaustive investigation of this subject, but these developments, as I remember them, seem to have been the chief influences which established the American songwriter's habit of writing the music first and the words later. It is a strange habit, an illogical one, but not entirely without compensating virtues. Writing in this way, I have frequently fallen into the debt of my composers for words and ideas that might never have occurred to me had they not been suggested by music. If one has a feeling for music—and anyone who wants to write lyrics had better have this feeling—the repeated playing of a melody may create a mood or start a train of thought that results in an unusual lyric. Words written in this way are likely to conform to the spirit of the music. It is difficult to fit words into the rigid framework of a composer's meter, but this very confinement might also force an author into the concise eloquence which is the very essence of poetry. There is in all art a fine balance between the benefits of confinement and the benefits of freedom. An artist who is too fond of freedom is likely to be obscure in his expression. One who is too much a slave to form is likely to cripple his substance. Both extremes should be avoided, and no invariable laws or methods should be obeyed. In our collaboration Mr. Rodgers and I have no definite policy except one of complete flexibility. We write songs in whatever way seems best for the subject with which we are dealing and the purposes of the song in the story which we are telling. Most often I write the words first, and yet in nearly all of our scores there are at least one or two songs in which he wrote the music first. When we first started to write together in 1943 we had no conversations on method. The first song we wrote was "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," and the words were written first. I would like to tell you how this happened, because it furnishes a typical illustration of composer-author collaboration in the structure of a musical play.

Attacking the job of turning Lynn Riggs's "Green Grow the Lilacs" into what eventually became "Oklahoma!," the first serious problem that faced us involved a conflict of dramaturgy with showmanship. As we planned our version, the story we had to tell in the first part of the first act did not call for the use of a female ensemble. The traditions of musical comedy, however, demand that not too long after the rise of the curtain the audience should be treated to one of musical comedy's most attractive assets—the sight of pretty girls in pretty clothes moving about the stage, the sound of their vital young voices supporting the principals in their songs. Dick and I, for several days, sought ways and means of logically introducing a group of girls into the early action of the play. The boys were no problem. Here was a farm in Oklahoma with ranches nearby. Farmers and cowboys belonged there,

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—Friedman-Engeler.

A pre-Rodgers Hammerstein collaborator was Jerome Kern, right (1932).

but girls in groups? No. Strawberry festivals? Quilting parties? Corny devices! After trying everything we could think of, and rejecting each other's ideas as fast as they were submitted, after passing through phases during which we would stare silently at each other unable to think of anything at all, we came finally to an extraordinary decision. We agreed to start our story in the real and natural way in which it seemed to want to be told! This decision meant that the first act would be half over before a female chorus would make its entrance. We realized that such a course was experimental, amounting almost to the breach of an implied contract with a musical-comedy audience. I cannot say truthfully that we were worried by the risk. Once we had made the decision everything seemed to work right and we had that inner confidence people feel when they have adopted the direct and honest approach to a problem.

Now, having met our difficulty by simply refusing to recognize its existence, we were ready to go ahead with the actual writing. We had agreed that we should start the play outside a farmhouse. The only character on the stage would be a middle-aged woman sitting at a butter churn. The voice of Curley, a cowboy, would be heard off-stage, singing. Searching for a subject for Curley to sing about, I recalled how deeply I had been impressed by Lynn Riggs's description at the start of his play:

> It is a radiant summer morning several years ago. The kind of morning which, enveloping the shapes of earth—men, cattle in the meadow, blades of the young corn, streams—, makes them seem to exist now for the first time, their images giving off a visible golden emanation that is partly true and partly a trick of imagination, focusing to keep alive a loveliness that may pass away.

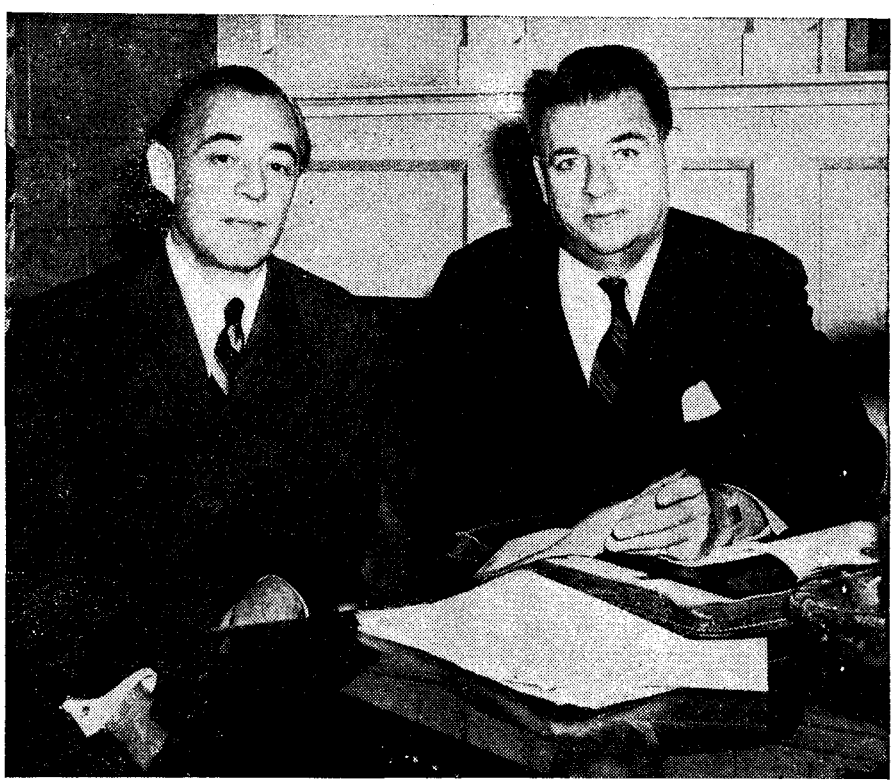
On first reading these words I had thought what a pity it was to waste them on stage directions. Only readers could enjoy them. An audience would never hear them. Yet, if they did, how quickly they would slip into the mood of the story. Remembering this reaction, I reread the description and determined to put it into song. "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'" opens the play and creates an atmosphere of relaxation and peace and tenderness. It introduces the light-hearted young man who is the center of the story. My indebtedness to Mr. Riggs's description is obvious. The cattle and the corn and the golden haze on the meadow are all there. I added some observations of my own based on my experience with beautiful mornings, and I brought the words down to the more primitive poetic level of Curley's character. He is, after all, just a cowboy and not a playwright.

Let us take a case where the music was written first. The refrain of "People Will Say We're in Love" was a melody written by Richard Rodgers with the thought that it might serve well as a duet for the two lovers in "Oklahoma!" This procedure is the more usual approach to writing musical-comedy scores. The composer

—Sarony.

At 19, a mustachioed Hammerstein acted in a Columbia Varsity show he helped write.

dreams up some melodies which suggest certain treatments. One might seem to him to be the love duet of the piece, the other a good comedy song or a good tune to dance to. Almost all composers have a reservoir of melodies which come to them at different times and which they write down in what they call a sketchbook. When they start work on a new musical play, they play over these previously written melodies for their collaborator, and it is decided which ones can



—Vandamm.

Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II formed the fabulous team responsible for "Oklahoma!," "Carousel," "Allegro," and "South Pacific."

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be used in this particular score. They then write additional melodies as required. Dick Rodgers, however, does not work in this way. He writes music only for a specific purpose. Ideas for tunes seldom come to him while he is walking down the street or riding in taxicabs, and he doesn't rush to his piano very often to write a tune just for the sake of writing a tune. I don't believe that either Dick or I would be very successful essentially as popular songwriters—writers of songs detached from plays. We can write words and music best when they are required by a situation or a characterization in a story.

IN ALL I have been saying, it will be noted that the composer and author work in very close collaboration during the planning of a song and the story that contains the song. This is an important point. It must be understood that the musician is just as much an author as the man who writes the words. He expresses the story in his medium just as the librettist expresses the story in his. Or, more accurately, they weld their two crafts and two kinds of talent into a single expression. This is the great secret of the well-integrated musical play. It is not so much a method as a state of mind, or rather a state for two minds, an attitude of unity. Musical plays, then, are not "books" written by an author with songs later inserted by a composer and a lyric writer. They are often written this way, but it is not a good way to write them and such plays seldom have a very long life. They are sure to lack form, and they cannot sustain a story interest when it is interrupted continually by songs that are of little value to the plot.

Let me say a few words now about the actual writing of lyrics once the subject matter of the song has been determined, and once it has been placed in its proper spot in the telling of the story. I am often asked if I use a rhyming dictionary. I do. I find it a great help and a time saver. The one I like best is Loring's "Rhymer's Lexicon." A rhyming dictionary, however, should be used as a supplement to one's own ingenuity, and not a substitute for it. I do not open mine until I have exhausted my own memory and invention of rhymes for a word. Attractive combinations of words to make double and triple rhymes are not found in rhyming dictionaries, nor are modern words or colloquialisms which can be used with humorous effect in a song. A rhyming dictionary is of little use and may, in fact, be a handicap when one is writing a song which makes a feature of rhyming. If you would achieve the rhyming grace and facility of W. S. Gilbert or Lorenz Hart, my advice would be never to open a rhyming dictionary. Don't even own one. While I, on occasion, place a timid, encroaching foot on the territory of these two masters, I never carry my invasion very far. I would not stand a chance with either of them in the field of brilliant light verse. I admire them and envy them their fluidity and humor, but I refuse to compete with them. Aside from my shortcomings as a wit and rhymester—or, perhaps, because of them—my inclinations lead me to a more primitive type of lyric. The longer I write, the more interested I become in expressing my own true convictions and feelings in the songs I write. When I was very much younger I thought that if ever I made all the money I needed out of writing musical comedy I would then sit back and turn to straight dramatic plays in which I could say whatever I wanted to say and state my reactions to the world I live in. Later on, however, I became convinced that whatever I wanted to say could be said in songs, that I was not confined necessarily to trite or light subjects, and that since my talent and training in the writing of lyrics is far beyond my attainments in other fields of writing, I had better use this medium.

If one has fundamental things to say in a song, the rhyming becomes a question of deft balancing. A rhyme should be unassertive, never standing out too noticeably. It should, on the other hand, not be a rhyme heard in a hundred other popular songs of the time, so familiar that the listener can anticipate it before it is sung. There should not be too many rhymes. In fact, a rhyme should appear only where it is absolutely demanded to keep the pattern of the music. If a listener is made rhyme-conscious, his interest may be diverted from the story of the song. If, on the other hand, you keep him waiting for a rhyme, he is more likely to listen to the meaning of the words.

After rhyming, I would place next in importance a study and appreciation of phonetics. Some words and groups of words that look beautiful in printed poetry are unavailable to one who is writing lyrics to be sung to music. There is an inexorable mathematics in music—so many

(*Continued on page* 51)

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

When the Theatre Guild's hit "Oklahoma!" opened in New York April 1943.

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Thoreau: A New Estimate

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

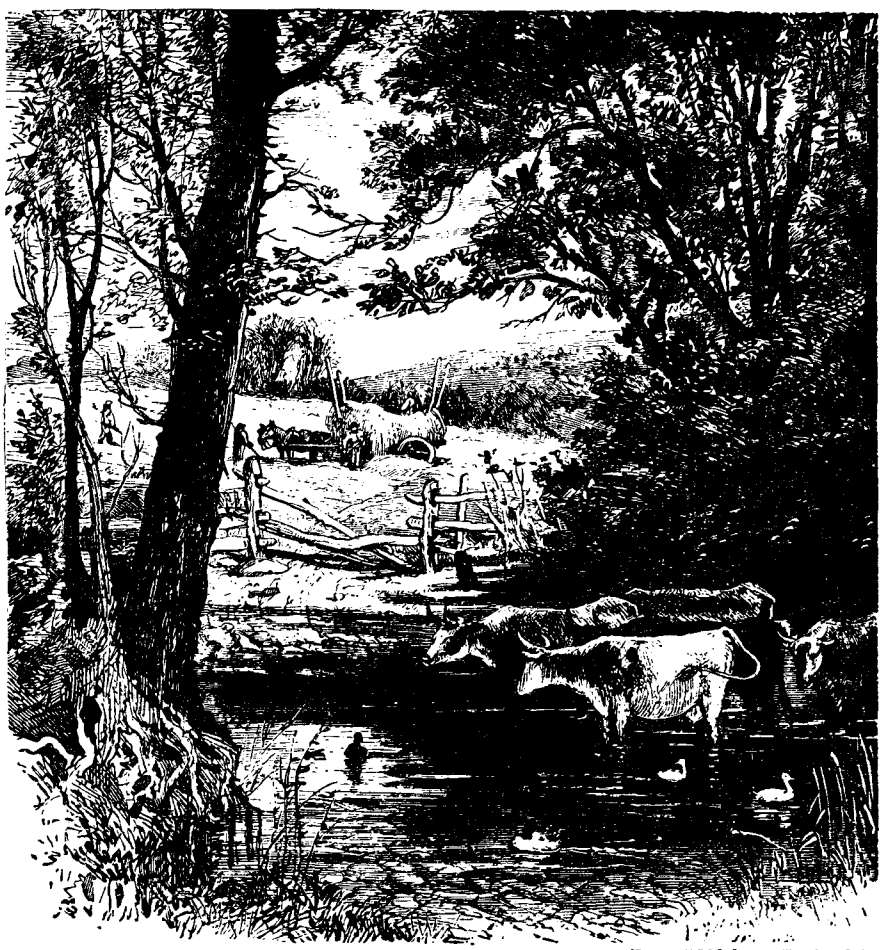
HENRY THOREAU'S reputation has expanded almost beyond recognition since the publication of the "Journal" in 1906. His fame as a master of English prose and of interpretative descriptions was considerable, if limited in extent, even in his own lifetime, but his importance, not only as an American, but as a world writer, has slowly but steadily increased since, and spread beyond all expectation. The fluctuations of history, and even more the inexorable changes in man's relations to his environment, have sadly tarnished the reputations of many writers of the immediate past, with the result that much which was timely has proved not to be timeless. The reverse is true of Thoreau, who, now that industrialism in its first great crisis has reshaped the fate of mankind, is more timely than in his own generation, and with more indications of the timeless than even so perceptive a reader as Emerson could have supposed.

Let me state the causes of this new estimate of Thoreau as simply and briefly as possible, and under three headings, of which he would have approved the first two, but sniffed a little through his long nose at the third. I mean Man, Nature, and Art.

Even convinced liberals in that now so far American mid-century could feel that Thoreau was often an eloquent crank. His vehement protest against the crushing power of one of the mildest of states, and his attacks on the iron hand of materialism, seemed hysterical and personal to an individualist who preferred (for a while) Walden Pond to Concord. It is true that Thoreau's evidences seem naive today—such as a tax that might be used to support a war, a house and barn that a farmer, hoping to be rich, carried figuratively on his weary shoulders, the gold of California which ruined so many good men who might have found true gold at home. His illustrations were homely. Not so his thesis, which was that the duty and privilege of man was to develop his own best way of living, not only in his relations to God and his fellow men, but also to secure his highest pleasure. It was a question of values, and if the state or a current materialism thwarted the pursuit of true values, then a man must find this best call this anarchy was wrong. Henry never denied the state. It was a balance of power that he sought, where the individual, accepting the necessity of order, refused to become a half-man or less.

But a lack of balance between the needs of the individual and the pressures, political and economic, of the state has been responsible in part at least for two world wars since his time and is the central theme of the great world conflict in which we are enmeshed today. Put simply, as between democracy and totalitarianism, it is the question as to whether man is to be told how to live, and made to live as he is told, or whether he shall self-reliantly learn how he can best and most happily and most profitably live, and do it. Put more subtly, the conflict is in every country, in every race, and in every bosom, and a transcending value in Thoreau is that he distilled into his powerful way for himself, and fight for it. To writing not only his personality and this theme, but the experience of many generations of men in a new continent, now at the point where the bitch-goddess Success is in full view—and our heritage of freedom nearly spent.

As for Nature, Thoreau deserves a re-reading if only in the light of a changed philosophy, and especially in his journals, where his comments and observations are more numerous, fresher, and less known to the general reader. In Nature, he began as a Transcendentalist, which for him meant only that he sought a relationship between the God in him and the natural phenomena of which he came to know so much. Gradually his mysticism was thwarted, but not killed, by the increasing complexity he found in the life he was studying. Under Agassiz's influence he learned a method of studying nature, and became for a while an ardent classificationist of plant, bird, animal, and insect. Later he passed on into what we now call ecology, the relation of each living thing to its whole environment, and before his death did work of first-rate scientific value. Yet always his observations, sometimes blurred but usually acute, were suffused with a passion to relate natural phenomena to the secret of life



—From "Old New England."

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itself. It was this tireless search for a unity of experience, controlled by the discipline of science, and inspired by love, that gives to the best of Thoreau's nature writing a something beyond mere observation—a quality of communication seldom matched in ours or any language.

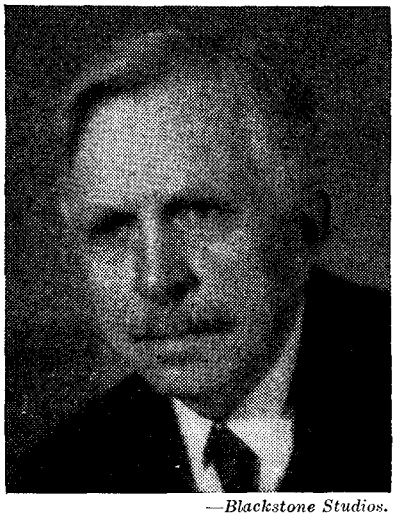
He found no answer to his insistent questions. Nor have we. But is it necessary to point out that our modern physicists, who have outrun in discovery and speculations all other scientists, are in general like-minded with Thoreau? They also seek a unity, and a central power beyond mechanism. For them also neither tree nor lily nor woodchuck can be defined by shape, color, and chemical reaction to food.

And finally Art—of which Henry's idea was that if a man was whole and fully developed, everything he did would be art. This idea, of course, he did not carry into practice, unless in his failure to make his wholes as good as his parts. Even "Walden" has obvious faults in composition. But his "Journal" and his many experimental manuscripts show a determined care to be entirely articulate that few writers have excelled. He noted, and then rewrote. He collected his items, then rewrote again. The time he spent in making his work into art was doubled by the incredible difficulty of his method of composition, which was like a research scholar's stumbling among his facts until he dies before his book is done. But one of the elements of writing he mastered and controlled, perhaps beyond any other writer of his generation—the sentence. Essentially Thoreau is a writer of great sentences. They are at their best as much poetry as prose, a pliable steel full of glinting lights, and edges that cut into understanding.

Here again he was estimated in 1906 as highly as now. But for us of our mid-century there is a difference. Our American style has settled into an individuality among the families of English, though it may very well not have developed the literary style of the nation. The rolling rhetoric of serious writers of the nineteenth century, both here and in England, has gone—it seems when used today both old-fashioned and stale. What is unfortunate is that the vigorous rhythms and powerful vocabulary of seventeenth-century English have dropped out of our writing and our speech. On this style, with its emphasis upon the sentence, Thoreau formed his own, in so far as he formed it upon tradition. Yet in his writing there is a pungent, colloquial quality, a spring upward from the homely into epigrams of surprising beauty made from the simplest materials, that owes much to New England but is as certainly American in general. Therefore Thoreau's style, which preserves so much of our best traditions in English, is still persuading, and especially when free of the apparatus of semicolon, sub-clause, and afterthought, as so often in this "Journal." His American English is timely, as Emerson's, Melville's, Hawthorne's, with all their merits, are not. An dour American language, especially in the hands of our novelists, has lost in vigor and in beauty. We should all read more of Thoreau's sentences that either punch or soar.

The substance of this essay will be used as the introduction to a new printing of the Walden Edition of "Thoreau's Journal" to be published shortly by Houghton Mifflin.

WHEN *James T. Shotwell celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday last August 6 he looked back on a long and distinguished career. During the forty-two years he taught at Columbia, he wrote fifteen books and edited nearly 200 others in the cause of world peace. Following service on key committees at the Versailles Peace Conference he devoted himself increasingly to the question of world order. In 1924 he became a trustee of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, of which he is now president. Ten years ago he organized the Committee to Study the Organization of Peace. William Wordworth's "Intimations of Immortality" inspired Dr. Shotwell to write the accompanying lines on his recent birthday.*



—*Blackstone Studios.*

On a Seventy-fifth Birthday

By James T. Shotwell

O WORDSWORTH, whose inspired note
At sundry times made commonkind
Take on a beauty, rare, remote,
That thrills the listening mind,

What was it caused that vision rare
To fade, that woodland note to cease?
The undying beauty still was there
With its benison of peace.

The earth and every common sight
Meadow, grove, and stream
Still are clad in celestial light
The freshness of a dream.

The joys of youth are those of age
If we would have it so,
The world that is our heritage
Gets richer as we grow,

Look back across the long, long way
To the miracle of birth,
Nothing, no nothing, has passed away
From the glory of the earth.

For it is a glory that comes and goes—
Silence behind a song—
And he is the happiest who knows
Where the silences belong.

The shadows sharpen arrested light
For those with eyes to see
The sovereign splendor of the night
Still hidden in grass or tree.

Youth and age, present and past,
Play with each other life through.
Hold to the vision and it will last
And spirit of youth renew.

For though the poet alone imparts
What the world to him is giving,
Greater than all the other arts
Is the art of richly living.

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What SRL Reviewers Are Giving for Christmas*

HALLETT ABEND	Writer's Notebook (Somerset Maugham)	The Way West (A. B. Guthrie, Jr.)	The Egyptian (Mika Waltari)	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	Their Finest Hour (Winston S. Churchill)
NELSON ALGREN	W. C. Fields (Robert Lewis Taylor)	The Case of General Yamashita (A. Frank Reel)	The Big Cage (Robert Lowry)	Slappy Hooper (Jack Conroy and Arna Bontemps)	Sinners, Come Away (Leon Wilson)
HOLLIS ALPERT	Writer's Notebook (Somerset Maugham)	The World Next Door (Fritz Peters)	Complete Poems (Robert Frost)	55 Short Stories from The New Yorker	The Art of Living (Saul Steinberg)
CLEVELAND AMORY	The Witness (Jean Bloch-Michel)	The Mature Mind (H. A. Overstreet)	The Willow Cabin (Pamela Frankau)	The Christmas Tree (Isabel Bolton)	Killers of the Dream (Lillian Smith)
WILLIAM ROSE BENET	Nineteen Eighty-Four (George Orwell)	Point of No Return (John Marquand)	The Man Who Made Friends with Himself (Christopher Morley)	The Vital Center (Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.)	Collected Poems of Charles Erskine Scott Wood
MORRIS BISHOP	The Art of Living (Saul Steinberg)	55 Short Stories from The New Yorker	A Sea Change (Nigel Dennis)	Mechanization Takes Command (Siegfried Giedion)	Jean Barois (M. Martin du Gard)
GEOFFREY BRUUN	Don Quixote (Miguel de Cervantes. Trans. by Samuel Putnam)	The Limits of Art: Poetry and Prose Chosen by Ancient and Modern Critics (Ed. by Huntington Cairns)	Progress and Power (Carl Becker)	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	Webster's Geographical Dictionary
ASHER BRYNES	A Sea Change (Nigel Dennis)	The Horses of the Conquest (R. B. Cunninghame Graham)	Human Action (Ludwig von Mises)	Nineteen Eighty-Four (George Orwell)	Lenin (David Shub)
W. S. CAMPBELL ("Stanley Vestal")	The Best Novels and Stories of Eugene Manlove Rhodes (Edited by Frank V. Dearing)	The Horses of the Conquest (R. B. Cunninghame Graham)	The Autobiography of Will Rogers (Selected and Ed. by Donald Day)	U. S. West: The Saga of Wells Fargo (Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg)	The Journey of Fray Marcos De Niza (Cleve Hallenbeck)
THOMAS D. CLARK	Lincoln Finds a General (Kenneth P. Williams)	The Way West (A. B. Guthrie, Jr.)	The Ohio (R. E. Banta)	Roosevelt and the Russians (Edward R. Stettinius)	Story of Tobacco in America (Joseph Clark Robert)
RICHARD A. CORDELL	A Mencken Chrestomathy (H. L. Mencken)	The Universe of G. B. S. (William Irvine)	Matinee Tomorrow (Ward Morehouse)	Writer's Notebook (Somerset Maugham)	Domestic Manners of the Americans (Frances Trollope. Edited by Donald Smalley)
JOHN COURNOS	The Last Attachment (Iris Origo)	The Conquerors (Thomas B. Costain)	Lincoln Finds a General (Kenneth P. Williams)	The Painter in History (Ernest Short)	John Ruskin (Peter Quennell)
MILTON CRANE	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	Guard of Honor (James Gould Cozzens)	Nineteen Eighty-Four (George Orwell)	Benjamin Constant (Harold Nicolson)	Listen to the Mocking Bird (S. J. Perelman)
EVELYN EATON	This I Remember (Eleanor Roosevelt)	The Golden Apples (Eudora Welty)	A Treasury of Great Reporting (Ed. By Louis L. Snyder and Richard B. Morris)	The Woman of Rome (Alberto Moravia)	Four-Square (Dorothy Canfield)
EDMUND FULLER	Cry, the Beloved Country (Alan Paton)	The Egyptian (Mika Waltari)	Mary (Sholem Asch)	The Cry and the Covenant (Morton Thompson)	Abe Lincoln of Pigeon Creek (William Wilson)
LEO GERSHOY	The Pilgrimage of Western Man (Stringfellow Barr)	Again the Goose-Step (Delbert Clark)	This I Remember (Eleanor Roosevelt)	Don Quixote (Miguel de Cervantes. Trans. by Samuel Putnam)	The Coming of the French Revolution (Georges Lefebvre)
LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.	The Twelve Seasons (Joseph Wood Krutch)	The Golden Warrior (Hope Muntz)	Don Quixote (Miguel de Cervantes. Trans. by Samuel Putnam)	Shakespeare Identified (J. Thomas Looney)	The Ill-Made Knight (T. H. White)
ROBERT HALSBAND	This I Remember (Eleanor Roosevelt)	Loving (Henry Green)	The Art of Living (Saul Steinberg)	The Twelve Seasons (Joseph Wood Krutch)	The Canticle of the Rose: Poems 1917-1949 (Edith Sitwell)
SEYMOUR E. HARRIS	This I Remember (Eleanor Roosevelt)	The Vital Center (Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.)	Stalin (Isaac Deutscher)	Cry, the Beloved Country (Alan Paton)	Male and Female (Margaret Mead)
VICTOR P. HASS	The Way West (A. B. Guthrie, Jr.)	This I Remember (Eleanor Roosevelt)	Hunter's Horn (Harriette Arnow)	Lincoln Finds a General (Kenneth P. Williams)	Journey Into Christmas (Bess Streeter Aldrich)
WALTER HAVIGHURST	Complete Poems (Robert Frost)	Dark Trees to the Wind (Carl Carmer)	Knight's Gambit (William Faulkner)	The Death of Captain Nemo (Robert Hillyer)	Domestic Manners of the Americans (Frances Trollope. Edited by Donald Smalley)
AUGUST HECKSCHER	The Vital Center (Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.)	Men in Crisis: The Revolutions of 1848 (Arnold Whitridge)	The Power of Freedom (Max Ascoli)	Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson: A Record of Friendship and Criticism (Edited by Janet Adam Smith)	This I Do Believe (David E. Lilienthal)

*To be continued next week.

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS

Not Yet Born

IT WAS the day he was going away back to his home, the last time she had seen him. During the rehearsal he had looked at her all the time. At the end, the others had gone on out into the corridor where they stood laughing and carrying on like idiots.

He had come close up to the edge of the stage and looking up at her said in a low hurried voice, "Jump!"

He had held out his arms. She had jumped. And for a moment he had held her. There under the hard electric lights, alone in the big assembly room, they had melted into each other's arms.

Leaning now against the tree, her face white, she shut her eyes and closed her hand around the sharp slanting end of the cut-off branch. It hurt her. She pressed her hand down on it, hard, hard, hard, with all her might—as she would hold hard, hard, in a like rending of pain and glory, years later with the birth of her first child.

Behind her shut lids she was gazing once more deep into his eyes, at last close to hers, so close that she was lost in them. They were as wide, as startled, as terrified as hers. She was fifteen, he was sixteen, but they needed no one to tell them what it was that held them there, shaking them as a dog shakes a rat—it was life. They clung to each other, not in love—in terror—lest they should fall.

She who thought she had been so alive, alive, that the very presence of death in the same room with her was an indignity—that instant in his arms told her that she had not yet lived at all, she had been wrapped in a cocoon—she had not yet been born.

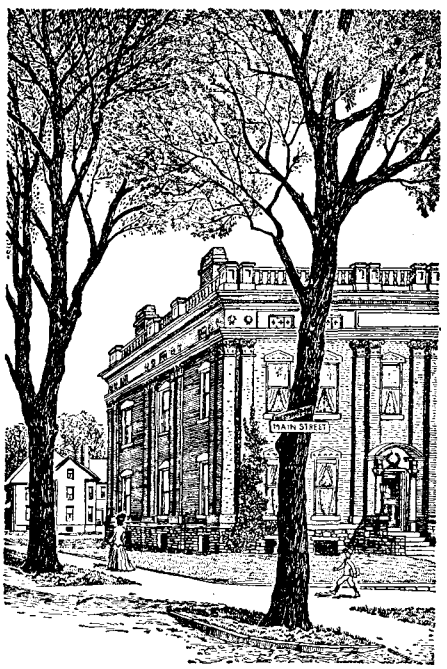
—From "Four-Square," by Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace).

Precious Pomp

THE KING of England not only lives more regally than any other King in the Western world but sits on the most famous throne. Burke's Peerage traces his ancestry back to Egbert, King of Wessex in 825. This link with antiquity produces awe and even reverence, for it places the members of the royal family in a category by themselves.

The fascination of royalty lies not only in the glamour of their paraphernalia but in the fact that they are different. The public does not wish to picture royalty like themselves but themselves like royalty. Thus in performing their duty English royalty takes care to preserve the aura that sets them apart. Although their public life is immensely public their private life is secluded. They do not mix in smart London society and their circle of friends is severely restricted. The Queen and the Princesses even take care to look different. They rarely wear such ordinary colors as brown, dark blue, or black. Regardless of rain, sleet, or wind, they appear in pale pinks or pale blues, in lavender grays or yellows, topped by elaborate, feathery, unreal hats.

Just as wine increases its bouquet with age, the royal family increases its popularity as each reign advances. When I settled down to live in London at the end of the war I was astonished to find that the press printed pictures of the King, Queen, or Princesses nearly every day. In the beginning this seemed monotonous and even irritating, but I discovered that it catches hold of you like a drug; you do not realize you are becoming enmeshed in the royal lives until you suddenly find that the fact that Princess Margaret has acquired a new beau or Princess Elizabeth has let down her skirt to achieve the New Look is a matter of absorbing interest.



—From "Dark Trees to the Wind" (Sloane).

Now I am looking forward to the time when Prince Charles cuts his first tooth and I dare say by the time he goes into the Navy I shall regard him as my own son. And I am only a beginner.

—From "No Cause for Alarm," by Virginia Cowles (Harper).

Going Home Again

LIKE ALMOST EVERYONE who goes back after years of absence to a town where he had lived, I was going back to a time as well and expecting to find it waiting in the familiar streets. To pass the limits of Albion and be the person I was forty years ago in that Western York State village as it was then, I knew to be impossible, but something in me unreasonably demanded that special and private miracle. . . .

I chose midsummer for my return because when I begin to think of the town I think of it as it was in midsummer when the maples in full leaf arched over South Main Street and blobs of sunlight dropped through them to the dark asphalt. When I approached the hill that slants into the street, I saw at its summit a black water tower—we all called it the standpipe—that used to rise above a net of gnarled and lichened limbs woven by an old apple orchard, but that was gone and the black cylinder stood naked now in a loneliness of no trees. Wondering if this might be an omen; I was cheered by the sight of the maples still sifting the sunlight and encouraged to believe that the time I was remembering was waiting for me after all. It was not until I reached the four corners where East and West Avenues meet South Main that I knew this was not to be. South Main had been a symbol of the town, and those corners, austere in the dignity of massive houses set back on green and level lawns, had been the symbol of South Main.

But East and West Avenues are a part of a brick-paved pike, called the Million Dollar Highway, and where the Swan house had stood serene in the assurance of its red-brick towers lay a wide cement-covered yard decorated only by the garish protuberances of a gasoline station. The Sheldon house, a brick box, was a reminder of things as they had been, but set back on its spacious yard the huge white-pillared Burrows house

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now offered small apartments for rent. Across the street the dark-green Bruner house, elegant with piazzas, bay window, and staring cupola, had disappeared except for its foundations, which seemed pathetically small for the edifice that had rested on them....

Of the other big houses along South Main Street I found that the Sawyer house, once distinguished by striped awnings outside and darkly gleaming "Nubians" within, advertised for overnight guests; the Taylor house was a cafeteria; the Dye house was a funeral home; the Cornell house still boasted a lovely Georgian-Colonial shell but sheltered equipment of a food company's laboratory. The Wage house was gone and its big barn, which once sheltered the first horseless carriage in town, to the dismay of the occupants of nearby stalls, was now a restaurant and night club known as Mart's. . . . The time I was going back to meet and had probably idealized, perhaps even constructed from my affectionate imagination, was not waiting for me. It had died with the big houses.

—*From "Dark Trees to the Wind," by Carl Carmer (Sloane).*

Givers

THOSE WHO give well usually find no trouble in accepting well; generosity works both ways. Yet there are givers who cannot take, and who will not fit into any casual summing-up. While we benefit by their largesse, their way of standing treat without ostentation but as though it could not be otherwise, we cannot help wondering what is fundamentally wrong, to account for their obvious reluctance to receive gifts, to receive hospitality, to let the other man pay for a change? and more than reluctance, their positive discomfort, their inability to show pleasure or to utter words of thanks that are not churlish and unreal. They would like best to say straight out: "I wish to God you wouldn't give me things—I hate it!" They have none of that supple yielding, that falling into graceful folds, which dressmakers mean when they say a material has been cut on the cross. Always King Cophetua, even if they lack Cophetua's income and palaces, they feel that a moment of acceptance at once places them down with the beggar maids. Unlike the parasite contingent, I believe they recognize this failure in their natures, and hope by paradox that in giving more and more lavishly they will gradually become exempt from having to form those dread syllables of "Thanks ever so." I have also noticed about these people that when they have no option but to take a present, it invariably disappears as though it were an object of shame; neither used nor displayed, it sinks into the same oblivion as when you put sixpence into your overdraft.

—*From "Benefits Forgot," by G. B. Stern (Macmillan).*

—*From "Sizzling Platter," by Peter Arno (Simon & Schuster).*

"I wonder if there's a *Mrs.* Kinsey?"

Push-Button Culture

LUZ WAS Alfredo's wife, a pretty Peruana married right out of the convent. She had four babies before she knew what had happened to her. Her husband, who was doing very well for himself in the commercial world, maintained a beautiful home and showered his family with their hearts' desires. I think Luz had never been out of Peru, certainly not out of South America, and she was crazy to go to the States to live.

"It must be wonderful to live in the United States," she would say dreamily. "All those lovely things for the house, electric stoves and electric washing machines and electric ironing machines and—what do you say —wacuum clinners? Nothing to do all day but press buttons and let the machinery do the work. No servant troubles. I hate servant troubles all the time."

Elva said, "How many servants do you have, Luz?"

"Seven, I think. They are terrible nuisances. So stupid."

"How many do you think you would have if you went to live in the States?"

"Oh, not more than two or three, probably. But with the electric wacuum clinner, you do not need so much help. You just press the button. Baf! The work is finished."

Alfredo finally bought an automatic washing machine for her, one of those mechanical miracles that does everything but sprinkle lavender on the shirts before putting them away in the drawer. It took Alfredo a week to find a plumber who could bolt it down and pipe it correctly, and then the family water heater was inadequate to provide baths for the four kids when there was washing to do. But it was finally installed in the

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kitchen, just like in the pictures, and Luz proudly called us over to witness the maiden flight.

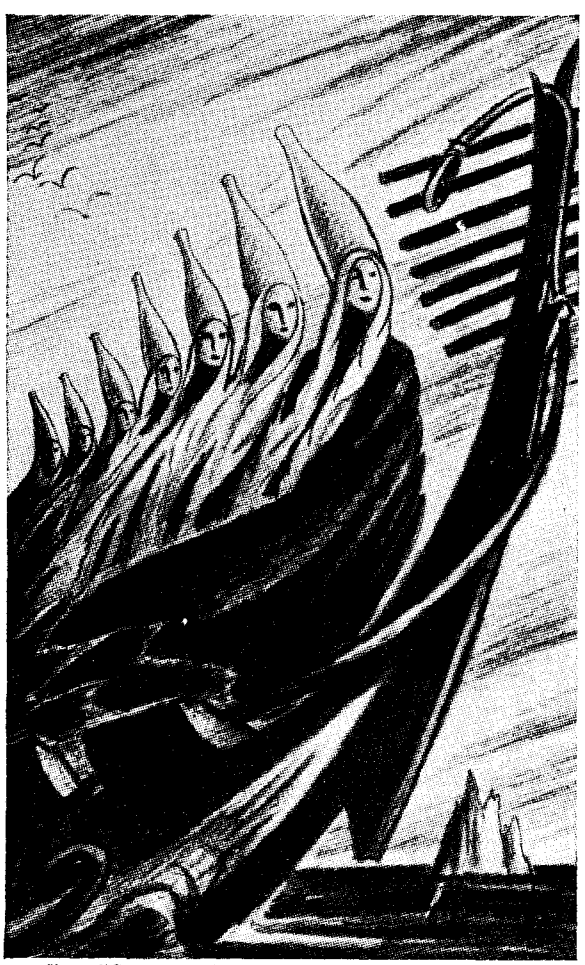
Naturally the washerwoman did the job of stoking it with dirty clothes. Luz pressed the button. Plungers began plunging, water swished around behind the glass front of the tank, clothes grew cleaner as we watched. When the whole operation was finished and the washerwoman had lugged the damp-dry away to her ironing board, Luz said, "See? How simple it all is."

We said, Yes, indeed, watching the washerwoman stagger under her load. We couldn't argue.

About two weeks later the thing went haywire. I know they're supposed to be fool-proof, but this one hadn't been built to stand the South American touch. Nothing happened when the button was pressed. There wasn't an electrician in Arequipa who had ever seen one of the contraptions before, so nobody could fix it. Luz finally got tired of the toy that didn't work and had it pulled out and junked. Oh, if she could only go to the wonderful United States, where servants weren't necessary and all you had to do was press buttons.

I'd like to fix it so Luz could change places for six months with an American housewife, say my sister-in-law Gwen, for example.

—*From "The Crazy Glasspecker," by David Dodge (Random).*



—*From "Gallery of Ghosts," by James Reynolds (Creative Age).*

"Seven Princesses Sail the Northern Sea."

Trolleyriding with a Bubble

THE JARGON of the younger generations might be described as the slang of the future. Oldsters are often bewildered at hearing from the mouths of their sons and daughters such terms as "his garden is green" or "cut the celery," and they shake heads because they don't recall their own youthful equivalents, "he's in the dough" and "shoot the works." In bobby-sox parlance, "trolleyriding" means going steady; a "bubble" is a conceited drip; a "moroff" is a "goony" moron; a "pouter pigeon" is a sulky bobby-soxer, while the abbreviation "O. A. O." means the "one and only." Baby-sitting, a comparatively modern phenomenon, has been replaced by a new and more expressive term, "bratting," and at Princeton baby-sitters are known as "T.T.T.'s" (tiger tot tenders). . . .

Volumes could be and have been written on the allied subjects of slang, cant, and jargon. Enough has been said here, however, to present these linguistic topics in proper perspective. Slang, cant, and jargon differ in degree, but not in kind, from the normal language-processes of word-coinage borrowing, and semantic change. Slang, cant, and jargon are language, illegitimate from the standpoint of the purist (who in the end invariably has to draw in his horns), fully legitimate from the standpoint of the linguist, who believes in linguistic realities rather than linguistic ideals.

What is scoffed at and despised today may be exalted and respected at a later date; or it may shrivel away and disappear. The fate of words and expressions parallels that of human beings. Some rise, others fall; some prosper, others die. It does not behoove us to despise a man by reason of his present lowly estate, because only God knows what potentialities that man may store within himself. Neither is it fitting to scorn words which today are heard only in the slums or within the restricted confines of a trade. Tomorrow those same words may sweep the nation and find their way into the vocabulary of a twenty-first-century Shakespeare.

—*From "The Story of Language," by Mario Pei (Lippincott).*

Obedient Cog, Ph.D.

IT IS APPALLING to see the numbers of scientist-Ph.D.'s being turned out by our universities who can scarcely speak proper English, whose knowledge of history, literature, and the arts, is infinitesimal, whose appreciation of their own responsibilities to humanity is non-existent. These men, when they leave school, often become obedient cogs in vast industrial-research machines—and the last flicker of the flame of original thought usually dies away. Others remain with universities and colleges, and, alas, are likely to perpetuate the robot-training system. More than one state university provides curriculae for its chemistry and physics majors consisting of chemistry, physics, and mathematics for four years, one year of German, two years of compulsory military training—and nothing else. Those universities may produce capable scientists; but such scientists are frequently intellectual pygmies in matters outside their fields of science.

It is ironical that as scientific and technological considerations have entered more and more into major decisions of industry, agriculture, and government, the little communication that exists between scientists and non-scientists has become more and more unintelligible to both parties. It is all the more ironical because technological expansion, stimulated and guided by the trilogy of human desires—profits, longer living, and the winning of wars—but otherwise unguided, has molded the modern physical world in which we live. Scientists and non-scientists alike realize that to a large part of the world technological expansion has brought unprecedented comfort. But neither realizes in full measure that to an even larger part of the world it has brought unprecedented agony. Nor do they always fully appreciate that to the world of the future our technology may bring total catastrophe—or that it may aid in the molding of a balanced world in which men may have the opportunity to live in reasonable harmony with their environment and with each other.

—*From "Of Science and Man" by Harrison Brown, in "Years of the Modern," edited by John W. Chase (Longmans Green).*

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Fiction. *Our somewhat belated discovery that there are established writers in Western Europe and England whose books can succeed in America is emphasized by this week's review of Elio Vittorini's "In Sicily." Like Alberto Moravia's "The Woman of Rome," now a best seller, and Henry Green's "Loving," from England, it is one of a series of books by a writer well known at home. These recent importations have a simplicity of style and theme which American readers can welcome as a relief from the dramatic and complex plots of our turgid contemporary fiction. Dorothy Canfield's "Four-Square," a collection of her best short stories, also reveals this gift of naturalism and lack of strain. Like Vittorini's characters, her country people are human and understandable in any language. Martin Boyd's "Bright Malwyn" will satisfy the reader who enjoys social satire, and many readers may find a pleasant shock of terror in Baynard Kendrick's thriller, "The Tunnel."*

Paisanos Below the Boot

IN SICILY. By Elio Vittorini. New York: New Directions. 163 *pp.* $2.50.

By Robert Pick

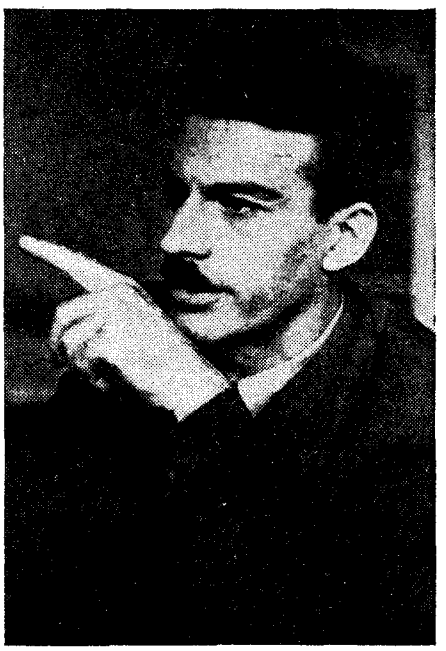
THIS is a great little book.

A young Sicilian living in Northern Italy receives a letter from his aging father, an ex-railwayman with a hankering for poetry, informing the son that he has left his mother to go to Venice with another woman. Silvestro has not seen his mother for twelve years. Knowing her alone now, he decides to visit her. He travels south, meets some outwardly inconsequential people on the train, arrives at the old home, talks to his mother, gets drunk, sees the ghost of his brother who has been killed in war, and after three days gets ready to travel back to his wife and child. As he walks into the kitchen on the morning of his departure, he finds his mother washing the feet of a man. The old man has returned. "Don't you want to greet him?" asks Silvestro's mother. But Silvestro—the "I" of the story—says, "I'll greet him another time. Let him alone."

Not much of a plot, is it? And the repetitiousness of the dialogue seems to thin it out still more at first sight. Yet he will be a very insensitive reader indeed who does not find himself seized by the spell of Signor Vittorini's writing. Its economy gives to his descriptions a pictorial clarity which thrusts on the reader's perception the country's stark colors, its very air and its smells. Signor Vittorini has read Hemingway with profit. Now and then the sparsity of his style, or the listlessness of talking characters, gives away some of his labors. But such minor drawbacks do not impair the invigorating, the almost tonic effect of his narrative.

Silvestro travels from the comparative prosperity of the North back into the abject poverty of Sicily's landscape. Yet it is amid its despair that he finds again the hope his life up North seems to have been bereft of.

You'll have to look far and wide in modern fiction to find a scene as impressive and as pure as the short talk in which the Signora Concezione tells her son about the lover she once had for a short while. True, the naturalness with which Mediterranean people treat sex relations contributes to the noble simplicity of that "confession" (which it is not). But there is more to it. The mother's sin is balanced by the heroism of her life. Humanity's sins are redeemed by its sufferings—by man's greatest suffering, his fellow man's callousness.



Elio Vittorini—"the master's hand on every other page."

I cannot help quoting here the passage Stephen Spender has singled out for his recommendation of this remarkable book:

> I knew all this, and more besides. I could understand the misery of a sick member of the human race of toilers, and of his family around him. Does not every man know it? Cannot every man understand it? Every man is ill once, half-way through his life, and knows this stranger that is the sickness inside him, knows his own helplessness against it. Thus every man can understand his fellow....
>
> But perhaps every man is not a man; and the entire human race is not human. That is a doubt that arises on a rainy day, when a man's shoes are tattered and water seeps into them; when his heart is no longer captive to anyone in particular, when he no longer has a life of his own, when he has accomplished nothing or has nothing to accomplish, nothing to fear, nothing to lose, and there, beyond him, slaughter is being perpetrated in the world. One man laughs and another cries; both are human, the one who laughs has also been ill; yet he laughs *because* the other cries. He is a man who persecutes and massacres; and he who, in his hopelessness, sees the other laugh over his newspaper headlines and his placards does not seek his company but that of the other who cries. Not every man, then, is a man. One persecutes and another is persecuted. Kill a man, and he will be more than a man. Similarly, a man who is sick or starving is more than a man; and more human is the human race of the starving.

Perhaps I am reading too much into the story. But why, once in a blue moon, shouldn't a reviewer admit he's been swept off his feet? Signor Vittorini's book, regional in its setting, is entirely free from that folksy coyness which usually mars the tale of a native's return. You may live with the Signora Concezione without that condescension that so often creeps over the reader—and the writer—in stories about "quaint" villagers.

Some of this book, written in 1936, must be read as anti-Fascist propaganda, and may have lost—to us over here—much of its poignancy. Signor Vittorini, now in his early forties, was a brave fighter against Fascism. But his great success in Italy does not rest on his honorable political record. Besides many short stories, he has published six full-length novels. His American publishers promise their publication. To call him a master may be premature on the strength of this first volume to reach us. But you feel the master's hand on every other page. A great little book!

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USA in Vermont

FOUR-SQUARE. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 236 pp. $3.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

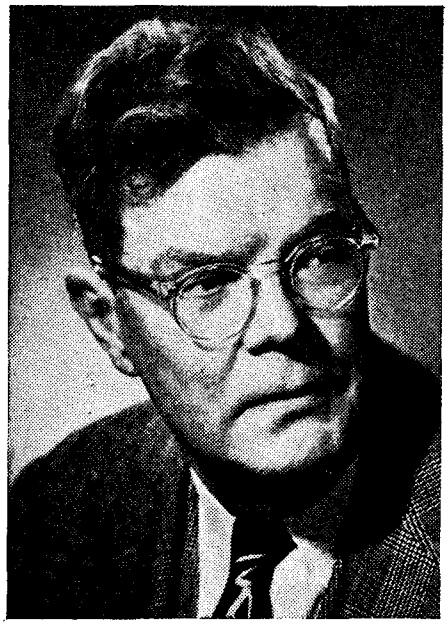
DOROTHY CANFIELD was born in Kansas and graduated from Ohio State University, but she is as intimately associated with Vermont as Robert Frost (a native of California) is associated with Northern New England generally, or Brigham Young (a native of Vermont) with Utah. Vermont takes kindly to outlanders and absorbs them, and they absorb Vermont. It has had little trouble with Dorothy Canfield, whose forebears were Vermonters anyway. Altogether it is as inevitable that she will always be known as a "Vermont author" as it is that Bret Harte (a native of Albany, New York) will be known as a California author.

"Four-Square," however, is no more a "Vermont book" than Willa Cather's "Youth and the Bright Medusa" is a Nebraska book. True, of the seventeen stories out of which it is constituted, nine mention Vermont specifically, and of the remaining eight several are Vermontish in tone, color, and setting. No other state east of the Mississippi, and only two west of it, can boast that its biggest city has fewer than 30,000 inhabitants. Vermont has solved the problems of the dispersal of population better than any other member of the forty-eight; stick a pencil under the middle of it and it will balance. Vermont stories, inevitably, are village and country stories; there are no palm trees, no deserts, no cloud-capped peaks (not from June through August); no jagged coastline. If the omission of these phenomena makes a setting inevitably a Vermont setting, then these are Vermont stories.

Whatever the setting, they are good stories by a good story-teller. The accent is on character, not characters. One story, "The Old Soldier," has already taken its place in New England folklore—I have heard it told as having actually occurred in two localities outside Vermont, and without credit to Miss Canfield for the obvious reason that the narrators didn't know it was her story. "Deep Channel" is a superb recital of the sacrifice accepted by a young minister in preaching the funeral sermon of an unpopular man whose world-known name is not disclosed until the end. "The Biologist and His Son" introduces perhaps the youngest hero in American fiction—age around four months. There is variety in these strong and capable pieces, but it is not the variety of exhibitionary versatility or of stunting craftsmanship.

—*Eliascheff.*

Dorothy Canfield—"accent on character, not characters."



—*Glidden.*

Baynard Kendrick—a train, both real and symbolic.

All seventeen stories have appeared serially over a period of twenty years. They have undergone, in some instances, extensive revision before being put between covers. Miss Canfield admits (nay, declares) as much in a preface, which also pays gracious tribute to the comments of readers following serial publication—comments which she found helpful in the chore of recasting and polishing. "I don't share the feeling of those writers who say they write solely for themselves," she says. In other words, there are no ivory towers in Vermont.

Darkened Mind

THE TUNNEL. By Baynard Kendrick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 223 pp. $3.

By FRITZ PETERS

SOME years ago, an engineer on a British express train was making his usual fast daily run from London to Dover. As he approached the first of several tunnels on the line, his body flinched uncontrollably, and he shrank back into the cab of the locomotive. He remained there, cowering, until the train had come into the open again. With each successive tunnel the fear increased until it possessed his mind: he was convinced that the train in which he was racing ahead was too large for the small black opening of the tunnel looming inexorably before him. The man was relieved of his job; he had outlived his usefulness. In recent years this "tunnel" test has become standard for the engineers on certain British trains, and it is interesting to note that all engineers on all fast trains, unless relieved in time, reach the point where every tunnel becomes for them a nightmare of fear.

It is with almost the same sensation that the reader of Baynard Kendrick's new novel, "The Tunnel," anticipates the word after it has appeared twenty times in the first fifty pages. In what is becoming an overworked and indiscriminate use of the "stream-of-consciousness" style of writing, the author leads his heroine, Natalie Sherrett, into a tunnel which she describes to herself as follows: "You're riding with the country, Nat, and the country's entered a tunnel. The question that must be decided is: how did you get on the train?" In a prefatory note, or message, from the author the following sentences occur: "When the sun is darkened, the minds of men are darkened with it. When the minds of men are darkened the world goes into a tunnel, and only the power of God, Himself, can bring us into the clear."

Mr. Kendrick's feeling for, and use of, tunnels is not, however, confined to the symbolic. Natalie Sherrett and her husband live only a few hundred yards from an actual tunnel, and at the few moments in the book when Natalie comes to a stopping place in her symbolic train, the simple device of a real train entering this real tunnel is sufficient to set her into motion again. In the dark Natalie experiences a variety of fears and doubts. She is possessed by suspicion, convinced that her husband is going to murder her, or that she is destined to murder him; she is jealous

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of her best friend and certain that her first husband, whom she alternately loved and hated, is fated to return. She learned of his death in the war while she was on a train about to enter a tunnel—a peculiarly convenient piece of efficiency on the part of the War Department.

During her, what is best described as confinement in her tunnel, Mrs. Sherrett writes a book. Laboriously, if rather quickly—Mr. Kendrick's book is only 223 pages long and incorporates Natalie's book, also called "The Tunnel"—she disposes of her father, her first husband, his family, her present husband, his mother, her best friend, and herself. The country, as far as this reviewer was able to determine, was left behind in the tunnel, happy to be alone at last.

The other characters involved in the book are appropriately named: Trevil Sherrett, Mona Desme, and Dr. Cameron Olessa. They are exactly as believable as their names.

Past the Baton Sinister

BRIDGET MALWYN. By Martin Boyd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 317 pp. $3.

By Ann F. Wolfe

HUMOR, like diplomacy, they tell us, is war waged by non-military means. On that premise alone Bridget, natural daughter of Lord Malwyn, of Castle Muckerry, may be said to have won her war with life. She began with the delicate barbs of youthful wit and retrogressed to the battering ram of insult, a crude and historic weapon that proved useful in storming the heraldic redoubt of Victorian Mayfair. Before she captured it, she threw into the combat every cheap trick of the social climber and the minor cruelties of petty snobbery. The forces of pomp and circumstance resisted, of course, inflicting many a wound on Bridget's heart. But she got what she fought for, a coronet, and she returned to the barony of Muckerry as lawful mistress of an ancient Galway peerage.

Appearances to the contrary, the spoils of Bridget's war was not genealogical distinction but a spiritual home. Marked at birth with the sorrow of illegitimacy, humiliated during the most sensitive years of her life, she longed for recognition by her own people in her own home. That home was Muckerry, where she had been reared as Lord Malwyn's daughter, a spirited, generous young girl beloved throughout the countryside. Muckerry was her spiritual domain; in its wild grandeur the moral grandeur of her nature was at peace. To fight her way back there she donned the armor of riches and rank, the only armor heavy enough and coarse enough to stand the battle.

When Lord Malwyn died, the fifteen-year-old Bridget was driven from Muckerry and taken into the household of an English aunt, wife of a small-town draper. Here, as shopkeeper's drudge, she was made to feel the stigma of the baton sinister. Through a sudden change of fortune she became the protegée of a rich woman, in whose home she met and married a young clergyman. As wife of a poor curate and mother of his two children Bridget enjoyed her happiest days. In the fourth year of their marriage the husband died.

For her destitute children's sake, Bridget entered into a marriage of convenience that left her a wealthy widow. Armed with money and the social connections of her Irish girlhood, she made her way into the charmed circle of London's dukes and duchesses, and emerged the Countess Malwyn. In the bejeweled process she turned drug addict and alcoholic, became expert at drawing-room billingsgate, and alienated her socially unambitious children.

There is a compelling and savage splendor to Bridget's story, despite the spiritual deterioration that all but obscures her gallantry of purpose. Even when she goes out of her way to outrage the reader, she usually wins him back as she won back Lady Kirriemuir. True, her amusement at the expense of her son's religious order shocks beyond forgiveness. She meant it too. Her intention is of a piece with the author's elegant irony, the glee of his social satire, and the cerebral originality of his humor.

Hoosier Railsplitter

ABE LINCOLN OF PIGEON CREEK. By William E. Wilson. New York: Whittlesey House. 288 pp. $3.

By Paul Angle

TOO often historical novels about well-known figures are either poor novels or poor history. This is a welcome exception.

The story begins in the year 1819, when Abraham Lincoln's father brings his second wife to the squalid cabin in the Little Pigeon Creek neighborhood in Southwestern Indiana, where the boy's own mother had died a year earlier, and ends in 1830, with the Lincoln family about to migrate to Illinois. Between these years the author follows the course of young Lincoln's life, simply giving fictional flesh to the bare incidents of the historical record. The boy goes to school "by littles," as he himself later wrote, does household chores for his stepmother, splits rails and pulls fodder for the neighbors as well as for his father, tells yarns at the crossroads store, listens open-mouthed to the lawyers during court week at Boonville, plays pranks, makes speeches, fights on occasion, runs a ferry on the Ohio, and goes down the rivers by flatboat to New Orleans, where he gets his first view of the slaves whom he is ultimately to free.

At the same time his character develops and hardens. Resentful at first of his stepmother, he comes to accept her, and finally gives her his full affection. Gradually he grows away from his father, repelled by the latter's lack of understanding. All the while he is becoming aware of the difference between himself and his neighbors, foreseeing, even though dimly, that his dislike of hard labor, his love of reading, his facility at learning, are likely to lead him to something better than the grinding life of a pioneer farm.

Of course no one can be sure—so sparse is the authenticated record for these years—that the relationship between young Lincoln and his stepmother developed as Mr. Wilson pictures it, nor can anyone say with certainty that father and son drifted apart in the manner here described. Mrs. Grigsby, the overweening neighbor, may or may not have been the insufferable female who appears in these pages, and in real life old "Bluenose" Crawford may have been much more likable than in this fictional reincarnation.

Yet for all these characterizations

(*Continued on page* 56)

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Plot for an Epoch

FEW novelists suffer from a critical shortage of ideas for new books. What they need most is energy and inclination. In the rare event, however, that there does happen to be a writer who is in search of a theme, we'd like to suggest what might at least serve as the beginning of a book.

The novel would open by describing a secret meeting of a dozen of the world's leading scientists somewhere along the African coast. They have come together in isolation in order to attempt to do something about the predicament of man midway in the twentieth century, which one of them described as comparable to a child carrying a torch in a hay-filled barn.

For three weeks hundreds of ideas were discussed and discarded. Finally, one of the scientists, an astro-physicist who had spent the past year attempting to apply his knowledge of the cosmos to human beings, spoke for the first time.

"Everyone here seems agreed," he said, "that this coming war could be averted if only we could create a world government. But no one here has come up with any real notion as to how such a world government could actually be brought into being. It seems to me that our job as scientists is to put our special knowledge to work in such a way that people will become so convinced of this fact that no national government *anywhere* will be able to withstand the surging tide of public opinion behind world law. I should like to suggest an idea which might have this effect.

"In observing the operations of the universe, it seems clear that a basic law of tension and release is at work. What is electricity except the release of energy created naturally or mechanically through certain frictions? Whether with respect to the planets or man himself, we observe that all deep tensions or frictions are resolved—in one way or another.

"So far as human society is concerned, history clearly demonstrates the validity of the law of tension and release. The most dramatic and obvious example of this is war itself. There comes a time when there is a saturation of tension—and at such a point almost any incident can trigger the explosive release. Today the tensions are building up again. It would be unscientific to say that these tensions, unless somehow dealt with, would not result in war—the avoidance of which is our purpose in coming here.

"What I propose is an outlet for the world's tensions today outside of war. I propose to divert the vast energies now being built up as the result of these tensions—divert them into an outlet which might give the world a little breathing spell and a chance to develop some healthy perspective on its problems. I think you will agree that such a perspective is essential for any long-range approach to real peace.

"I know that my idea may seem far-fetched to the point of fantasy, but there is a bare chance it might work. Moreover, no proposal, however fantastic, should be ruled out from our considerations. The very fact of this meeting should prepare us for unorthodox and drastic moves. If we are serious when we say that the human race is in the tightest and toughest spot it has ever known, then we ought not to balk at an idea which is as drastic as the crisis itself.

"My idea is a simple one. I propose that we scientists create an even larger threat to the world today than the threat of war. I propose that we use our special skills to develop an overwhelming common danger which would bring together peoples now moving towards each other in war. To repeat, I propose a substitute outlet for the present tensions."

He could tell as he spoke that his fellow scientists were keenly interested in what he had to say and were eager to learn exactly what he proposed as a common danger.

"Perhaps I had better explain," he continued, "that this new threat I am about to describe is real and that the failure of nations to come together to meet it will be as catastrophic as war itself. If you ask why peoples would be any more disposed to come together for this purpose than they have been so far in eliminating war, the answer is that nations still persist in believing it is possible to win a war, but everyone knows you can't win a fire; you can only put it out.

"I propose the deliberate creation of man-made catastrophes. We know that we can create germ cultures which, let loose, can bring about fairly equal devastation all over the world. We know that ultra-high-frequency sounds can destroy insect and animal life vital to vegetation. We know that the polar ice caps can be broken up, affecting the tides. Science today knows enough, I think we agree, to produce what would seem to be a threatened natural catastrophe.

"If I read your faces correctly, you want to know what good it will do to bring peoples together through that common danger only to have them fall apart again once the danger is overcome. The answer is that the period of common danger will make the time ripe for advancing ideas for strong world organization—ideas which are being rejected now because the tensions are being directed against each other instead of a common objective."

AT THIS point, one of the scientists in the back of the room got up. "It's a fantastic idea, all right," he said, "but there's an angle to it that I'd like to suggest. My idea is this: let's do a little make-believe. We don't actually have to create catastrophe in order to obtain its hypothetical benefits. Why don't we scientists make a dramatic announcement which would immediately shift peoples' attention to the threat of an imminent natural catastrophe? This would create a sense of oneness among the world's peoples—and provide the psychological moment for a bold proposal for investing the United Nations with real authority to meet the danger on a world scale. The announcement could warn the world of an imminent worldwide assault by submicroscopic bacteria—or a series of imminent earthquakes involving both hemispheres. If we're ingenious enough, we can think of plenty of things that will bring peoples together."

* * *

The first chapter would end at that point. What would happen after that? We're looking forward to the novel to find out. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Greetings from Hiroshima

SIR: I have received with gratitude the copy of *The Saturday Review* [Sept. 17] which the Reverend Tanimoto forwarded to me so kindly. I can say just one word on your article: it is wonderful. I am so happy to find in it such a vivid representation of this city as it stands today striving for a brighter future.

As for your suggestions concerning the procedures of "moral adoption," I have talked with Mr. and Mrs. Yamashita and other people concerned, who have expressed profound gratitude toward you and have completely agreed to proceed in line with your proposal. The children of Mrs. Yamashita's orphanage were also told of your plan, which made them really ecstatic with joy. We are now hurrying with the setting up of a committee of trustees. I will inform you of it as soon as it is organized.

Thank you once again for all you are doing for us.

SHINZO HAMAI,
Mayor, Hiroshima City.

Hiroshima, Japan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As explained in* SRL *Nov. 5, we wrote to Mayor Hamai suggesting that a board of trustees be organized to administer the Yamashita Orphanage Fund, with himself as chairman. This is the "procedure" to which Mayor Hamai refers.*

SIR: I wish to express how happy and grateful we feel for your genuine considerations toward the orphans of Hiroshima. I am glad to inform you that the children are already harboring fond feeling toward their new parents, whom they hope to see at some time.

Photographs of the children have been taken and the personal history of each child is now being translated into English. They will be forwarded to you as soon as possible.

With my best wishes for every success in your noble endeavors.

TEIKO YAMASHITA,
Director, Institution for A-Bomb Bereaved Orphans.

Hiroshima, Japan.

Sanity in Sight

SIR: I applaud your mental hygiene number, dated October 15. Stern's investigation of Poe's death; Benedek's review of Mead's "Male and Female"; the H. S. editorial based on the Mead book; the letter from Jung's translator; the whole department IDEAS ON FILM; the Mullahy review of Freud *et al.*, and particularly the nudist front cover; all greatly please me. If this keeps up, sanity, even sainthood, will be possible, for fools like you and me.

KELLY JANES.

Monterey, Mass.

The New Criticism

SIR: My upper-case congratulations on Ben Ray Redman's "Critics in Hobbles & Blinders" [*SRL* Nov. 12]. It isn't often that one comes across so beautifully balanced a piece of scholarly examination and fresh perception, of clear thinking and clean writing. For once, and for the first time, a real critic has written about "The New Criticism" with detached —and critical—perspective.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Mr. McCoy, I'm from the Great Northern Life Insurance Company. Your name was given to me by a Mr. Hatfield, who told me that you might be interested in a policy."

SIR: If I had needed an incentive for renewing my subscription to *SRL* (which I didn't!) the article by Ben Ray Redman would have provided it. As a tired—and retired—teacher of English and a persistent, if often confused, reader of books and book reviews, I found the ideas expressed therein both clarifying and refreshing.

R. L. MIXNER.

Summit, N. J.

Critic of John Dewey

SIR: Your "John Dewey Issue" [*SRL* Oct. 22] contains nothing but praise of the philosopher. I should have esteemed your editorship more highly if you had included at least one study of the possible ill effects of an influence on American culture so pervasive and so powerful as his. If such a study had come from someone qualified to deal with Mr. Dewey's philosophy on fundamental grounds, the writer could perhaps have indicated how far these ill effects are to be laid to the score of the master, and how far to misunderstandings or excesses of the disciples. I am not prepared to make any suggestions on this point. But from a quarter-century of teaching in American universities I am prepared to speak about what seems to be the result of Mr. Dewey's influence on secondary education.

This is an age of spiritual anarchy, and it is understandable that our education should suffer from uncertainty about aims. The Deweyan influence seems to have worked powerfully in fostering this uncertainty. And more, it seems to have made educators even complacent about it. If I understand their attitude, it is that education is a never-ending process which is good in itself—so long as it keeps proceeding. We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way. We are sure to get somewhere if we keep going long enough. There are no fixed values, anyway; truth is "emergent," and we know it to be truth when it works.

Hence, we need no longer insist on making our children learn any fixed body of knowledge. Ancient history? It is the present that matters. The classics? Since there are no fixed standards of value, the term is meaningless. (Hence, Hemingway may be considered better than Homer because he is more "immediate.") Drill in learning facts? Education is a voluntary, cooperative endeavor; the teacher must not force his charges to learn. And facts are unimportant, anyway; what matters is social adjustment, or something of the sort.

The result? Ask anyone who teaches college students fresh from American high schools. These boys and girls possess fine, husky bodies and undeveloped minds. They possess smatterings about great men, great books, and the important events of history, in greatly varying degree, but they possess no common body of knowledge that can be depended on as a foundation on which to build a higher education. Even their competence in the three R's is, I think, worse than it was after World War I. People who have never read a typical freshman theme cannot imagine how bad it can be—not merely in spelling, punctuation, and grammar, but in poverty of vocabulary and feebleness and juvenility of thought. The products of our modern high schools may be better adjusted per-

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sonalities than their grandfathers were. I don't know, though the experiences of Army psychiatrists in the late war seem to indicate the contrary. But they are certainly worse trained in fundamental knowledge and skills. And they don't know how to study. Their dismay when they are asked, in the university, to buckle down and learn something is often pitiful.

If pragmatism means judging a tree by its fruits, the eulogists of the great pragmatist philosopher, it seems to me, should be seriously exercised over the fruits of American education.

ALAN REYNOLDS THOMPSON.

Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: Thank you for your issue featuring John Dewey. One minor correction in the picture caption on page 11 seems necessary. Maple Lodge, Mrs. Dewey's summer home, where the Deweys spent last summer, is in Pennsylvania, one country and several states away from Nova Scotia.

WILLIAM S. TACEY.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

American vs. European Culture

SIR: J. Schonfeld writes [LETTERS, *SRL* Oct. 29] that he is amazed and troubled by the mediocre standards of the American college graduate as compared to his European counterpart.

Mr. Schonfeld being, as he informs us, an Englishman (how well W. S. Gilbert knew his countrymen!) considers himself an authority on our cultural and intellectual inferiority, and I, for one, am quite resigned to bow to his judgment. Indeed, there may be some justification for his dictum, but that should not cause him to strike an attitude of superiority.

Art, music, and drama are very fine things in their place but it is strange that among the nations where they had reached a high level of excellence, the people, simultaneously, developed a phenomenal stupidity which made them swallow, hook, bait, and sinker, the vagaries of psychopaths like Hitler and of strutting clowns like Mussolini. Was this the result of lucid thinking?

Twice within a generation, in spite, or on account, of their cultural and intellectual accomplishments, their stupidity has cost millions of lives, has brought out bestialities unsurpassed since the dawn of our pseudo-civilization.

HENRI JELTRUP.

Palisade, N. J.

Willa Cather in Print

SIR: Referring to Norman Holmes Pearson's review of "Willa Cather on Writing" [*SRL* Oct. 8] and the subsequent letter from Mr. Cole of Alfred A. Knopf [*SRL* Oct. 29], may we add that Houghton Mifflin continues to carry in stock all but one of the Willa Cather titles published by our firm.

Of the single titles, the following are available: "My Antonia," "The Song of the Lark," and "O Pioneers!" We also still have in stock a few sets of the "Complete Novels and Stories of Willa Cather" in the autographed edition designed for us by Bruce Rogers.

Accordingly, readers of Miss Cather should have no trouble obtaining any of her writings that they desire.

PATRICIA MACMANUS,
Houghton Mifflin Co.

New York, N. Y.

Dillinger, Winnemac, Linn

SIR: For John T. Winterich of BOOKMARKS: (1) Dillinger's first name was John, and everyone in the Middle West remembers it; (2) Re the lack of imaginary states in American fiction: How about Winnemac and its capital city, Zenith?

For Mr. Cerf's TRADE WINDS column: Please add to the growing bibliography of campus fiction one

cherished item, "Winds Over the Campus," by the late Professor James Weber Linn. It's about the University of Chicago during the middle Thirties, when students took things seriously. The one episode I recall in the novel is one in which a good boy is about to be seduced by a no-good girl. In the nick of time there occurs outside the window some kind of loud commotion involving the campus radical element, and the lad jumps up and dashes out of the room to see what it's all about.

DAVID S. SAVLER.

Chicago, Ill.

War of Ideas

SIR: Just a note of appreciation for the recent articles anent the current controversy over the suppression of ideas. As a whole, your writers take a very refreshing view of the matter. But isn't intolerance an almost inevitable result of ideological struggles? All through history ideologists seem to have persecuted their opponents until either one side has annihilated the other or some compromise has been reached.

L. H. GARSTIN.

Kimberley, B. C.

SIR: Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., has described himself in a recent article as a "non-Communist leftist." Although I have admired him greatly for his brilliance in past years, he has been quite disappointing of late. How can he call himself a "non-Communist leftist" when he is fast becoming a reactionary?

I refer to his letter in reply to Shepherd Traube [LETTERS, *SRL* Nov. 5]. Mr. Traube refers to red-baiting as a "vicious and corrupt weapon," and he is correct in his assumption. Red-baiting stultifies the active intellectual mind for it injects fear of expression into any individual who is non-conforming.

It is true that we must be on guard for un-Americanism, but who is to set the standard for red-baiting? It would do Mr. Schlesinger much good to read carefully Henry Steele Commager's courageous and brilliant editorial "What Ideas Are Safe?" [*SRL* Nov. 9]. Mr. Commager says: "If we establish a standard of safe thinking, we will end up with no thinking at all. That is the only 'safe' way, and that is, needless to say, the most precarious, dangerous of all ways." Everyone in this country at least should be entitled to his own ideas, whether or not they agree with Mr. Schlesinger's.

MRS. DAVID F. SQUIRE.

New Haven, Conn.

Taylor Caldwell and the Church

SIR: Taylor Caldwell [LETTERS, *SRL* Nov. 12] decries the "malignancies and baseless accusations" which are allegedly being hurled against the Catholic Church. This letter, as is so often found to be the case when people launch defenses of the Catholic position, resorts to platitude, generalization, and the old device of taking off on tangents irrelevant to the central issues. "In God's name, let there be an end to hatred," says Miss Caldwell. "Amen," the unwary will answer and relax in peaceful lethargy while the Catholic hierarchy chuckles and bites off another chunk of their civil liberties.

Miss Caldwell says that we should banish hatred. By all means, let us strive to do so. But let us not close our eyes with a pathological liberality. Paul Blanshard's book "American Freedom and Catholic Power" constitutes excellent reading material for anyone who wishes to investigate the full extent of the Catholic Church's intrusion into civil affairs. When basic civil rights are threatened by a minority group, let us open our eyes to the facts, and let us act, speak, and vote with enlightenment and courage. It is a pseudo-democracy which is denied information and votes without facts.

JAMES M. TYLER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Taylor Caldwell's letter is, in my opinion, close to being hysterical. She claims that hatred motivates those Americans who see in the Roman Catholic Church's attempt to obtain tax money for its schools or its attempt to impose its own ethic on the whole community a "danger" to American liberties. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I am sure that a man like Bishop Oxnam is not motivated by hatred. I am equally sure that Paul Blanshard is not motivated by hatred. If I may venture to associate myself with these distinguished citizens, we are motivated only by the desire and determination to preserve intact the American principles of separation of Church and State and of religious freedom. Miss Caldwell's letter does more credit to her heart than to her head.

ELLIOTT M. GRANT.

Williamstown, Mass.

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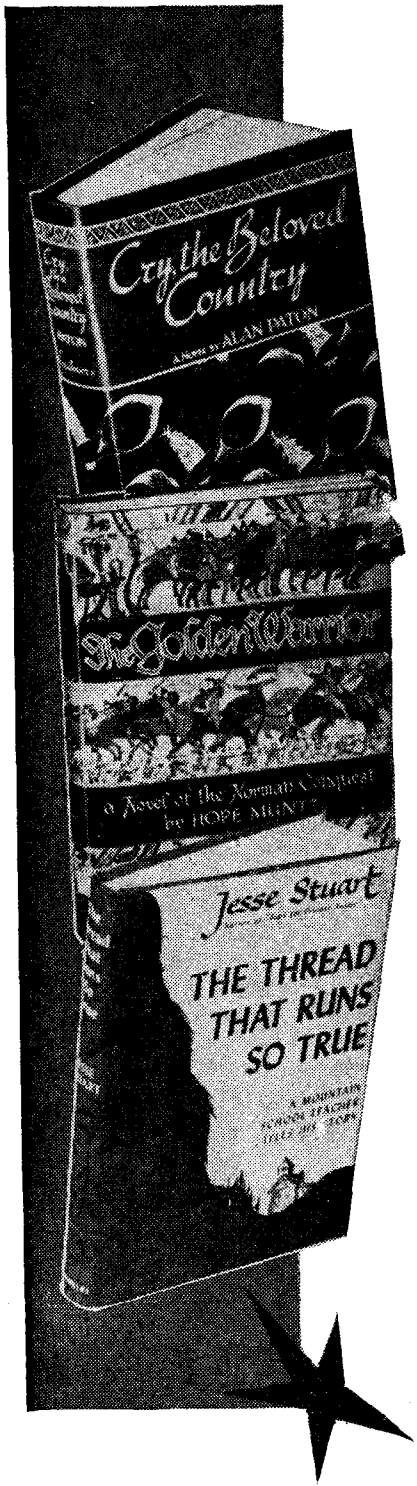
Scribners suggests these fine books for the perfect Christmas gift



Cry, the Beloved Country by Alan Paton. "... to read this book is to share intimately ... in the grave human experience treated ... intensified into an urgent, poetic and profound spiritual drama, universal in its implications."—*New York Times* • $3.00

The Golden Warrior by Hope Muntz. "If you haven't read THE GOLDEN WARRIOR by Hope Muntz you haven't read the finest novel published in 1949 ... a great, beautiful, tragic, surpassingly marvelous historical novel!"—Orville Prescott, *New York Times* • $3.00

The Thread That Runs So True by Jesse Stuart. "The autobiography of a born teacher who describes fights and games with a sports announcer's timed precision, people and events with the novelist's insight, mountain seasons and terrain with the poet's sensitivity ... as indigenously epic as the Paul Bunyan saga ..."—*New York Herald Tribune* • $3.00

The Lord Is My Shepherd, Stories from the Bible. Arranged and illustrated by Nancy Barnhart. "It is a book that will have a lasting value, perhaps the most valuable book for children that has been published this year ... Her characterization of the Old Testament characters is unusual and dramatic ... These are pictures that will sink deep into the consciousness of boys and girls everywhere."—*Saturday Review of Literature* • $4.50

F. D. R., My Boss by Grace Tully. "The insight which she gained into (Roosevelt's) mind, personality, habits and dominant purpose comes out with clarity and simplicity ... a fascinating book, easy to read, full of color, and providing a great deal of real historical information."—Frances Perkins, *Washington Star* • $3.50

The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, A biography by Ralph L. Rusk. "A great biography of a great man. It is the best biography of Emerson, but it is more than that; it is one of the best literary biographies in our language."—*Saturday Review of Literature* • $6.00

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U.S.A. *It is a rare week in which we are able to call attention to four books about basic American problems that are as important, in their individual ways, as those reviewed below. Mass production is one of the firmest supports of our economic system, yet we have had to wait for Roger Burlingame's "Backgrounds of Power" for a comprehensive history of it. Where is our economy headed? The path we have followed since 1933 is insidiously leading to Socialism, according to John T. Flynn's "The Road Ahead," a book that is being hosannaed by ultra-conservatives and decried by liberals. The Government bureau charged with framing our foreign policy is spiritedly described in Graham H. Stuart's "Department of State." That the phrase "Solid South" is deceptive as a key to the political behavior of the states below the Mason-Dixon Line is revealed in V. O. Key, Jr.'s elaborately researched "Southern Politics."*

—Leja Gorska.

Roger Burlingame—"One idea turned up in Venice in 1438."

Designed for Joe, the Mass Man

BACKGROUNDS OF POWER. By Roger Burlingame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 372 pp. $6.

By STUART CHASE

WHAT is the most useful definition of "the American Way"? For my money, there are four events, or forces, which have chiefly shaped the American culture, and most sharply differentiated it from other Western cultures. They are:

(1) A relatively empty continent with great natural resources, both agricultural and mineral, located in the temperate zone, where *homo sapiens* works best. There were probably not more than a million Indians north of the Rio Grande, when Captain John Smith landed in Virginia.

(2) A severe overall shortage of labor throughout most of American history, putting a premium on labor-saving devices.

(3) A mobile class structure—except for Negroes—permitting Americans to move up and down the ladder with relative freedom. Status has not been frozen as in so many other cultures: "log cabin to President" and "shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves" express the pattern.

(4) The development of mass production, and its proliferation into mass distribution, mass finance, mass transportation, mass consumption, and mass communication. Which means that Joe Doakes gets a break. The American Way is designed for Joe, the mass man, and is thus unique in human history. If Joe cannot clear the shelves of mass-produced articles —motor cars, radios, refrigerators, kilowatts, movie tickets, ice-cream cones—the American Way collapses; as it did from the stock market debacle of 1929 to the day when Mr. Roosevelt said that the only thing to fear is fear itself.

Roger Burlingame, after an apprenticeship of two solid books on the machine age, "Engines of Democracy" and "March of the Iron Men," has tackled the tough problem of writing a history of mass production. And as the culture of a people is a seamless web, he has perforce included in his story all the points listed above. He picks up where Henry Adams left off in the study of the Dynamo, and also goes back to find many clues in earlier times which Adams had never heard about.

What is the quintessence of mass production? Here is his description of the Ford assembly line of 1914:

> The power-driven moving-chassis assembly line to which interchangeable parts were brought also by power-driven conveyors was a new construction of old techniques. It combined the abstractions of precision, standardization, interchangeability, synchronization, and continuity, into a concrete productive result never before attained in the fabrication of a highly complicated machine. As it met the American social trend, it caused a revolution in the social geography of the continent, and to some extent of the entire world.

But the ideas behind this achievement are old, as Mr. Burlingame says; the Law of Social Change had seen to that. One idea turned up in Venice in 1438. When a war galley was to be equipped, it was towed along a canal with buildings on each side. From different windows came cordage, bread, guns, cutlasses, balistas, mortars, shot, powder, oars, and, finally men. "In this manner," says an old chronicle, "there came out ten galleys, fully armed, between the hours of three and nine."

The ideas came from many cultures. America however produced not only the great creative act of combining them, but also a number of the seminal processes themselves. Our author names and describes: Eli Whitney's interchangeable parts for muskets, the Colt automatic, the McCormick harvester, the contribution of the Chicago packers and their belt conveyor, the flour-milling sequence, Connecticut metal clocks, the Springfield rifle, the turret lathe, steel making, the standardization movement, the scientific management of Frederick W. Taylor, the development of waterways, railway, highways to meet the acute need of an empty continent for transportation.

Ford not only revolutionized mass production, but laid the groundwork for a revolution in mass consumption, being intuitive enough to see that the first could not long exist without the second. He raised wages and cut prices—to the blanched horror of the business world of 1914. Some faces still go white at the thought. Yet how else could Joe Doakes, on $30 a week, drive a Model T?

The formula gave the worker the wherewithal to buy back what he produced. It is a massive, perhaps the chief, ingredient in the American Way, and the reason that America is structurally immune to Communism. It always will be, so long as the for-

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mula holds. Incidentally it won the war for us.

Mass production has its liabilities—the robot, the widening gulf between the scientist and the man on the street, loss of a sense of belonging, the threat of monopoly, the curse of Bigness—and our author briefly examines them in a final chapter. Another book could well be devoted to these liabilities for they are serious.

Mr. Burlingame has not written the definitive work on mass production because it is a continuing process; we have only seen its initial stages. Nobody has yet produced a desirable mass-produced house, nobody in his senses, however, doubts that one will come. But this is by all odds the best survey to date, philosophically as well as technically—a wise, learned, and stimulating book.

Stuart Chase's latest book is "The Proper Study of Mankind."

John Jay to George Marshall & Assoc.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE. By Graham H. Stuart. New York: The Macmillan Co. 517 pp. $7.50.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS, 1948-1949. By John C. Campbell. New York: Harper & Bros. 604 pp. $5.

By Lindsay Rogers

WHEN war came to the United States in 1941 President Roosevelt was reported to have said: "Well, I hope that now the Department of State will be neutral." In his comprehensive history of the Department from the first Secretary, John Jay, to Secretary George Marshall, with whom the book ends, Mr. Graham Stuart is far from neutral. He wages vigorous warfare on all critics.

There are many histories of American foreign relations and this book, although dealing primarily with an expanding and changing Department of State, says much about policy—interestingly but sometimes unevenly and sketchily. Some Secretaries of State have had full-length biographies and all of them have attained a measure of immortality in Mr. Bemis's edition of the lives of the Secretaries of State, which ends with Charles Evans Hughes. But since the appearance of Gaillard Hunt's volume more than fifty years ago, the internal organization of the Department of State has been a neglected subject. Mr. Stuart tells us in detail how new divisions and bureaus had to be set up in the Department, the way in which personnel has increased in number, how business has piled up, when overtime has been necessary, the salaries paid and the range of work, from petty details to the formulation of high policy. The story is readable. Perhaps it does not have the charm and humor of Algernon Cecil's essay on the British Foreign Office but the facts are all here and students will welcome them.

Mr. Stuart has insisted on being more than a recorder. He has his strong likes for certain permanent officials—some of them he praises extravagantly—and equally strong dislikes for certain interlopers and Secretaries who, he thinks, have been amateurish. Many readers will be inclined to agree with his judgments but other readers will note that he renders his verdicts without much discussion of the evidence for or against. Mr. Stuart is even more temerarious when he defends the Department against criticism that it has occasionally endured. Thus there is a spirited chapter on "The Role of the Department of State in the North African Invasion" and the Department's coolness toward the Free French movement. But an analysis of such matters must lack conviction when it is based only on sources in the Department's files and on Secretary Hull's memoirs.

In complaining that President Roosevelt ignored the State Department, Mr. Stuart insufficiently recognizes the fact that foreign affairs can no longer be the exclusive province of foreign offices: they range over economic, military, and domestic policy. On occasion Neville Chamberlain, unfortunately, and Mr. Roosevelt, hazardously, showed that they did not trust their own foreign offices; but the fact is that ofttimes —*vide* the North African invasion— a policy concerned the military establishment and those waging economic and propaganda warfare even more than it did the Department of State.

Some pages severely criticize the reorganizations of the Department which Secretary of State Stettinius put into effect. Readers will have difficulty in ascertaining the evils that Mr. Stettinius desired to eradicate, or the precise ways in which he proposed that things might be done better, and why his proposals were "disastrous." Nor will the reader be certain that he knows now how it is that policies are prepared, formulated, and announced. After the Department moved from Pennsylvania Avenue to its new building in Foggy Bottom, it signed certain cables with those words. Cynics may have thought the words appropriate. A good case can doubtless be made that the cynics were wrong but Mr. Stuart's book will not convince them.

In "The United States in World Affairs, 1948-1949," John C. Campbell neither praises nor blames, but simply looks at the record. The latest in the admirable annual volumes which the Council on Foreign Relations inaugurated in 1929 and which have been uninterrupted save for the war years deals with grave matters: the foreign-aid program, the Atlantic Pact, the "third force" and faltering steps toward Western Union, divided Germany, Berlin, Tito's heresy, and the Communist successes in the Far East.

Mr. Campbell says that his book "offers no solutions for the pressing problems we face" and that "its sole purpose is to contribute to a better understanding of the facts and issues involved." He has carried out this purpose admirably, and his volume is a "must" for the library of everyone who ventures in print, over the air, or in private conversation to pronounce judgment on what we have done, and should now do, in world affairs.

Lindsay Rogers, Burgess professor of public law at Columbia University, wrote "The Problems of Government" and "The American Senate."

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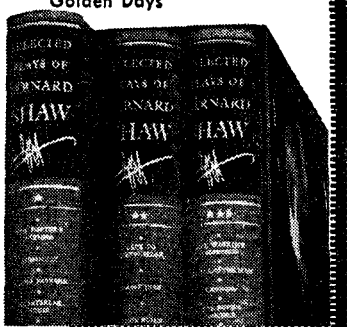

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—*Claire Leighton, from "Southern Harvest."*

Demagoguery State by State

SOUTHERN POLITICS. By V. O. Key, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 750 pp. $6.

By RALPH MCGILL

FAILURE rarely receives that criticism of judgment which success always commands, and the politically unhappy South and its political failure have until now lacked an overall dispassionate critical analysis.

There have been many studies of the demagogues. Memphis's Boss Ed Crump has been subjected to almost microscopic examination, but not until the appearance of "Southern Politics" has the whole complex picture and story of failure been put between the covers of a book. It is a really magnificent accomplishment, the errors and unsound conclusions in it being so few as to detract not at all from the net result.

The study was first conceived as one which would deal with the poll tax, The then Governor of Georgia, Ellis Arnall, agreed to assist the originators of the idea, Roscoe C. Martin, director of the Bureau of Public Administration at the University of Alabama, and his associates. Soon after the original decision Governor Arnall was able to have the state legislature abolish the poll tax and, since only seven states were left with that iniquitous device, the study was, fortunately for all students of politics, changed to research into the political structure of nine Southern states. Funds were obtained from the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. V. O. Key, native of Texas and professor of political science at Johns Hopkins, happily, was selected to direct the research. Three years were spent gathering the material.

It will be most helpful to the nation's understanding of the South if all commentators of air and pen will learn from Dr. Key that Southern politics have no regional unity *per se* but are factional, each state conforming to its own folkways and mores. Thus, four states could go Dixiecrat last November, not for any real belief in states' rights by those who led the movement, but because to do so would enable them to seize control of the party machinery within the state. In still other Southern states, Georgia for example, the will to join the Dixiecrats was present, but since there was no rival group seeking to take over the party machinery the safest course seemed to be to stay in the party, although at no time was there ever even lip service paid the Democratic Party platform.

It is the Negro, of course, who remains in his inevitable role of a black Nemesis. The political chorus of shibboleths is the same in every state, racial superiority being the loudest and most frequent. Here again it is well to recognize that the ratio of Negro population to white determines the degree of demagoguery. Thus, as the state-by-state survey reveals, there is a vast difference, for example, between the politics of Virginia and Mississippi, of North Carolina and Georgia. Dr. Key noted, for example, that in Georgia the two newspapers in Atlanta, long in opposition to Talmadgeism, while by no means supporting Herman Talmadge, did not oppose him. He missed the real decadent depths the factionalism at times attains. A sad situation had developed. A majority of Georgians knew, as did the papers, that the men who would take over the state in the event of a victory by the anti-Talmadge candidate would have been more corrupt and damaging than those who would serve under the son of "Old Gene." There was no Republican Party ticket. Thousands refused to vote at all. The state-by-state study is, to a Southerner at least, the most fascinating feature of the book.

Dr. Key sees hope for the South, as indeed there is. Banishment of the White Primary and the knock-down of all imitations of it are bringing the Negro to the polls. The number of registered Negroes increased an amazing 600 per cent from 1940 to 1948. There are an estimated 5,500,000 Negroes of voting age in the states of the old Confederacy, and their increasing appearance at the polls is going to bring civil rights long before legislative fiat can do the job.

It is a depressing picture of a South politically isolated from national realities—not actually connected to the Democratic Party save by name, and not yet aware of the steady growth of its urban centers and their inevitable influence on affairs political, an influence which, as of now, is merely casting a foretelling shadow. The book, while dismaying, is not an indictment. It is a document so basically sound it may hurry the political reformation. And certainly it is a valuable book to all interested in the future of American democracy.

Ralph McGill is editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

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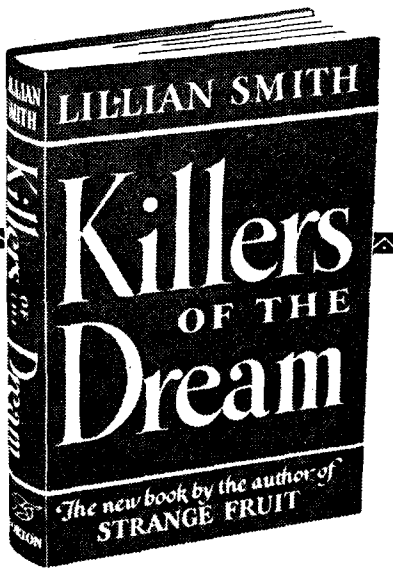

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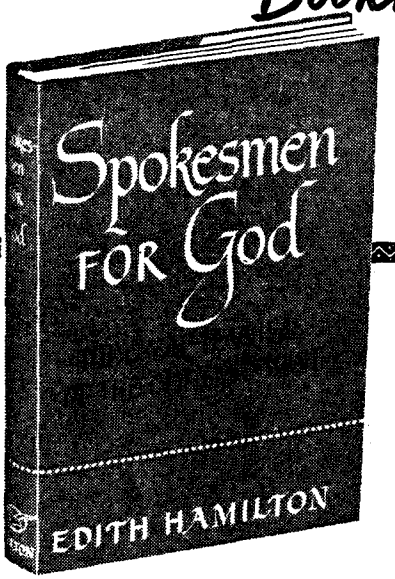

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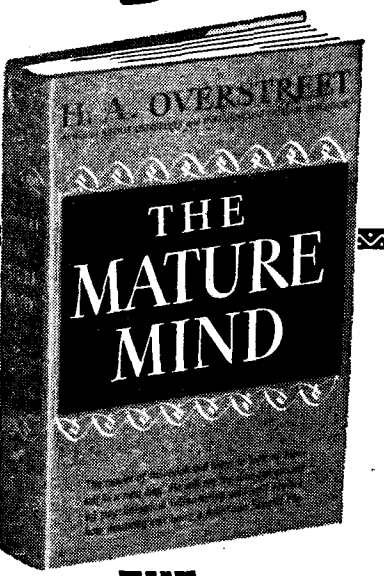

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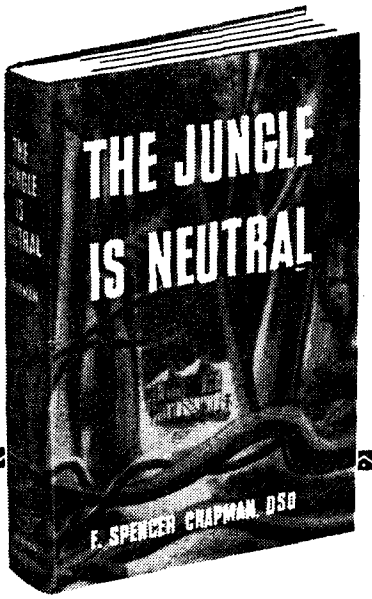

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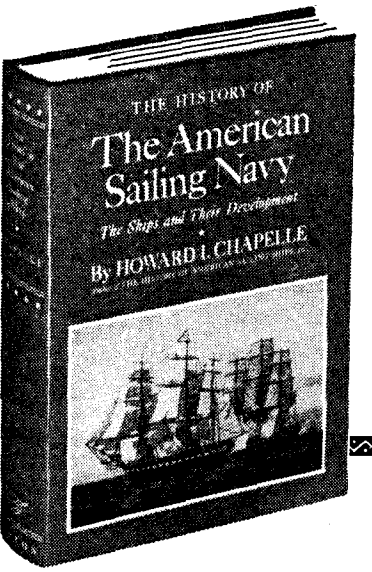

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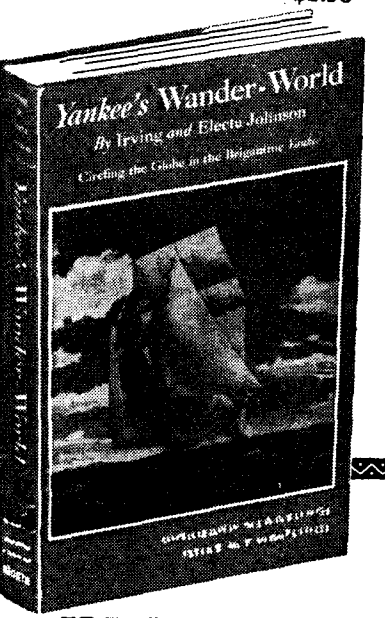

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Masked Riders of Socialism

THE ROAD AHEAD: America's Creeping Revolution. By John T. Flynn. New York: Devin-Adair Co. 160 pp. $2.50.

By C. E. AYRES

JOHN T. FLYNN'S antipathy to progressive movements and liberal ideas has never been concealed. He has fought the good fight on many fronts, often disposing an impressive array of factual shock troops and statistical armored vehicles to the confusion of his enemies. "The Road Ahead" is different. It is not so much an argumentative battle as a blanket indictment. In it he charges all progressives, all liberals, all reformers, all critics of capitalism, and all advocates of economic planning with engaging in a gigantic conspiracy to "sneak" America into "Socialism."

These people, and not the Communists, he thinks, are "our real enemy." They are more dangerous than the Communists because they are not open traitors, and because they have managed to insinuate themselves into positions of power and influence.

What we have to understand, Mr. Flynn thinks, is that we are following in the footsteps not of Russia but of England. "Both are Socialist." But whereas Russia suffered violent revolution, "England was sneaked into Socialism" by the Fabians. Very briefly, but with his usual vigor and pungency, Mr. Flynn outlines the process by which "this great job was done upon the English people," and then proceeds to indicate how it is being done upon us. For we have our Fabians, too. They of course infested the New Deal and now staff such sinister organizations as Americans for Democratic Action. They have captured virtually all our unions and invaded the Democratic Party. They turn up as nigger-lovers in the South, and they have even infiltrated the Christian pulpit.

And everywhere the masked riders of Socialism make war upon the mind of America. Mr. Flynn is convinced that the trend of American thinking generally is toward the left; and this, he declares, has not happened by chance. "It is the result of constant pressure by the highly excited Socialist warriors in schools and press and

(*Continued on page* 71)

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL?

Listed in the left-hand column are the names of animals that appear in various types of fiction. In the right-hand column we list the kind of animal they are. Can you match them correctly? Allowing four points for each good guess, a score of sixty is par, seventy two is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 57.

1. Archie	( ) blue ox
2. Babe	( ) bull
3. Bambi	( ) cat
4. Black Beauty	( ) cocker spaniel
5. Bob, Son of Battle	( ) cockroach
6. Captain Flint	( ) cow
7. Cerberus	( ) deer
8. Chichivachi	( ) elephant
9. Comet	( ) fawn
10. Dan'l Webster	( ) frog
11. Ferdinand	( ) horse
12. Flag	( ) lion
13. Flopit	( ) mongoose
14. Flush	( ) mouse
15. Grip	( ) parrot
16. Moby Dick	( ) poodle
17. Mopsy	( ) rabbit
18. Oscar	( ) raven
19. Pegasus	( ) reindeer
20. Perri	( ) salmon
21. Rikki-tikki-tavi	( ) sheep dog
22. Salar	( ) squirrel
23. Stuart Little	( ) three-headed dog
24. Tobermory	( ) whale
25. Zenobia	( ) winged horse

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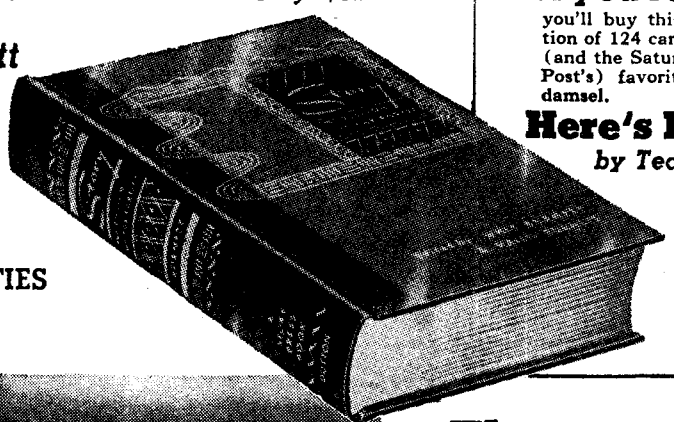

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Belles-Lettres.

Nineteen forty-nine, as we have had occasion frequently to remark before, has been a prolific year for students of Shakespeare, Goethe, Melville, and Henry James. With the year in its last weeks, the members of two other literary clans appear to press the claims of their favorites. Four new books inspired by Jane Austen will be reviewed in next week's SRL. *Three other books deal with the Pre-Raphaelites, that group of Victorian artists and writers who rebelled against academicism: Peter Quennell's "John Ruskin," Marya Zaturenska's "Christina Rossetti," and Oswald Doughty's "Dante Gabriel Rossetti." The Quennell and Zaturenska volumes are discussed below, while the Doughty book will be reviewed shortly . . . G. B. Stern one of the most ardent devotees of Jane Austen (she herself wrote two books about Jane) is the author of the witty "Benefits Forgot" noted on page 42.*

Turbulent Genius & Saintly Spinster

JOHN RUSKIN: The Portrait of a Prophet. By Peter Quennell. New York: The Viking Press. 289 *pp.* $3.75.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: A Portrait with Background. By Marya Zaturenska. New York: The Macmillan Co. 311 *pp.* $4.

By Douglas Grant

THE biographer more often than not betrays in his subtitle which of two difficulties peculiar to his art he has had to confront. He may know either too much or too little about his subject. If he knows too much, the subtitle defines the limits of his study; if he knows too little, it extends them far beyond the principal but narrow territory. These difficulties are inevitable. Some lives are buried in a cocoon of paper and opinion, controversy and action, and others leave only a slight and erratic trace of their progress through time. The difference between them is the difference between the lives of John Ruskin and Christina Rossetti. The one must be sought out and the other tracked down.

Mr. Quennell knew too much. He was faced at the outset with the thirty-nine thick volumes of Ruskin's collected works. Each volume and each separate paper in those volumes is a facet of a profound and versatile personality. The "Works" are a vast and shapeless cocoon imprisoning after death a character which was oppressed during life by the multifarious activities that found expression in the "Works." They are, moreover, not only Ruskin's varied commentary on the world but his explanation of himself. "Fors Clavigera" alone is a continuous self-revelation, and "Praeterita," fragmentary though it is, a brilliant and keen study in self-analysis. But running secretly or openly through the "Works" there is an integral narrative—the history of a man's spiritual development. Mr. Quennell has discovered and made this history plain.

The "Works" are only the beginning. Personality is expressed in action as forcefully as it is in words, and Ruskin's irrational behavior both disturbs and baffles. His marriage and divorce are a darkness concealing a personality at the mercy of strange forces, and his biographer has to dissipate this obscurity in order to discover what it hides. This most obvious mystery was deepened rather than relieved by the recent publication of his love letters to Effie Gray. The letters showed the origin and development of that tragic marriage, whose pattern, woven from idealization and bitter frustration, was to be repeated later in the affair with Rose La Touche. Ruskin's marriage is an important clue—perhaps the most important clue—to the man. Its history, however, is so dramatic that it presents peculiar temptations to the biographer. He could overemphasize it and make its lurid, uneasy flames blind us to the calm, permanent light of Ruskin's genius and achievements; or he could use it as an occasion to exhibit a facile turn for psychoanalysis and popular, broad-minded wit. Mr. Quennell brilliantly avoids these and other pitfalls. His discretion and wisdom are ever at hand to guide him across treacherous ground.

Mr. Quennell has drawn the portrait of a prophet. The prophetic career began when an immaculately dressed young man, wearing a blue necktie to point the color of his eyes,

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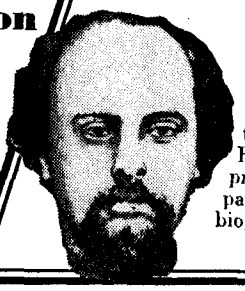

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While the prices of most things have been doubling, books have only gone up twenty-five per cent* and there are books — many books — to suit even the characters in George Price's nightmares. If you are in this picture, your friends are too. Match these faces to your friends and your friends to these books.

*J. K. Lasser in the Saturday Review of Literature, October 29, 1949.

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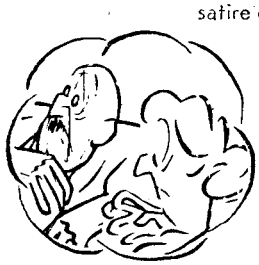

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ran gaily downstairs to greet the admiring guests assembled in the hall of his luxurious home. It ended when an old man, his features buried in beard and his body in an hirsute cloak, keenly eyed and fiercely beckoned forward some country children whom, when they had cautiously advanced close enough, he terrified by screaming out in a parrot-voice, "Bow-wow, damn." How did this change come about? What vicious secretion altered the fair shape into the foul? Mr. Quennell tells the history of the change. His narrative never flags; his exact and fluent prose avoids the jags of irrelevance and the shallows of false sentiment; and the portrait he has drawn is stamped with truth. We can test it by Ruskin's writings and the accounts of contemporary witnesses and we will not be able to detect a misinterpretation or a false note.

Mr. Quennell has, of course, deliberately excluded, or but lightly touched upon, many aspects of Ruskin's genius. His art criticism and his political thought are discussed only to throw light upon the prophetic character; they are used as rich but shadowily arranged draperies to throw the drawing of the head into sharp relief. How often do we hear echoes of the voice that spoke in "Modern Painters" and in "Ethics of the Dust"? The years between their publication and today are full of their sound. Sir Kenneth Clark—no mean authority—has recently said that Ruskin is among the greatest of architectural draughtsmen. Ruskin, the source of the echoes and the accomplished artist, has little place in this study. But this is a quibble—Mr. Quennell has made his purpose clear and fulfilled it admirably.

One question must be directly addressed at his publishers. Why is there not an index? Do they expect readers to fumble through half-remembered pages each time they wish to verify some point?

Miss Zaturenska was faced with the other difficulty; she knew too little. Christina Rossetti moved through the same years and often down the same social path as Ruskin but the traces she left are slight. What happened to change the attractive girl into the plump, saintly spinster? She lived, surrounded by female relations, in a succession of dull London houses; she had two love affairs which were apparently trickles compared with Ruskin's emotional cataracts; she prayed often and performed good works; and she wrote poems. The poems—what secret do they hold? How are we to explain the sensuous imagery and the undertones of loss and fear in "Goblin Market"? What hidden springs made her a great poet? The surface of her life flowed on with dull sameness from year to year but those secret springs danced upwards with impulsive dash. Miss Zaturenska has concentrated upon describing the background against which Christina Rossetti moved rather than upon chronicling her life, and her description is pleasant and detailed. All the Pre-Raphaelites and their friends pass through her pages but their procession too often thrusts out of sight the dumpy figure of the poet who watched the pageantry from afar. Had Miss Zaturenska—herself an accomplished poet—narrowed her scope and made it her purpose only to lay bare the secret hidden in Christina Rossetti's verse, she would have written a more original, though perhaps a less attractive, book.

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In the hinged lever as the elbow bends,
A glint of light as the stroke ends
Unerring from the muscled source.

Through arid veins the probing nail
Spreads the oak grain, stops half-riven;
A second stroke, and the metal's driven
Through the board. If it should fail
And spoil the metal, blemish wood,
There is no way to mend the flaw
But turn the hammer, catch the claw
And draw the bad nail's twisted hood.

Momentum rides with the falling hammer,
Gives impetus to the binding fang
While cities rise with a loud bang bang
And men add cubits amid the clamor.

Though cities rise and fall, the sound
Lives longer than the tree and spike
And love and hate and envy strike
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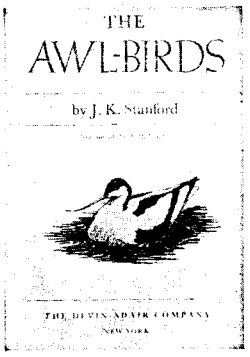

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An Anatomy, a Miscellany

BENEFITS FORGOT. By G. B. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Co. 276 pp. $3.50.

By R. Ellis Roberts

THE series of Miss Stern's autobiographical table-talk, of which this is the latest volume, is showing its true character or characters. It will become, or indeed is already, one of those books which, to those who love them, are most lovable: An Anatomy, a Miscellany, a river of a book, now in flood, very rarely reduced to a trickle, but with occasional excursions into idle, tree-protected pools. Enough of one metaphor! "Benefits Forgot" has many quotations from other authors, most apposite and illustrative. One author—and she could hardly do better—on whom Miss Stern draws frequently is G. K. Chesterton. And it is from his poems she could have plucked a most suitable quotation for the rich confusion of this book—"a rolling road, a reeling road that rambles round the shire"!

Miss Stern's shire is a fine, ample messuage. It reaches from California to Cornwall, from the Ligurian Riviera to Albany-by-Piccadilly, from the haunts of Kenneth Grahame's Mr. Badger and Mr. Toad to the lobbies of London theatres on first nights. In this book her theme-song, her golden thread on the rambling road, is Gratitude. She thinks it a virtue too little exercised in our time: so here she gives thanks to persons, to painters, to authors, and to places. It is this last tribute I particularly like. I believe places take on virtue and increased loveliness when they are loved by mortals who express their love. As Walter de la Mare insists, "all things thou does praise Beauty took from those that loved them in other days."

Miss Stern has loved many places, and is no fanatic on behalf of one kind of beauty. She loves London and the English countryside and the coast of Italy and the vineyards of France; a particular love is for running water, and she would have been happy in the eighteenth century, when men made their own country, ruins, waterfalls, wilderness, and formality in their own parks. Of the authors she loves she has written in each of these books of table-talk, criticism, and recollection. Her taste here is wide—she remains faithful as ever to Miss Austen, and can enjoy E. F. Benson's Lucia books. One of the most exciting things in the book is a letter from Jane Austen's beloved niece, Fanny. Miss Stern says it is "in a private collection"; she does not say whether it has been printed before. Fanny became Lady Knatchbull—she was a daughter of Miss Austen's brother. At the end of her life Miss Austen had given this niece the place in her heart next to beloved Cassandra. And fifty years after Miss Austen's death this wretched prig writes solemnly to her younger sister to say, "It is very true that Aunt Jane from various circumstances was not so *refined* as she ought to have been from her *talent*." She then enlarges on Miss Austen's ignorance of the world and its ways and stresses her debt to the family into which Papa married. Few will not echo Miss Stern's protest.

> It is impossible to remain detached from a verdict so utterly lacking not only in perception, but in decent family feeling. If Cassandra had been too loyal to Jane, the brother of Cassandra and Jane had better have remained a bachelor all his life than have begotten a daughter as stupid, as snobbish, and as ungrateful.

The reader must be left to discover the skill with which Miss Stern uses her memory and her books, and the fine nicety of her quotations. There are a few mistakes or misprints which should be corrected in later editions. H. C. Beeching, the parson-poet, friend of Bridges, was never a bishop; he died Dean of Norwich. Both Lewis Carroll and the Reverend Charles Luttwidge Dodgson would shriek, gyre, and gimble at being described as "the Reverend Dodgson." And the late Oscar Wilde would be very surprised to hear his plays, written and produced in the early Nineties, described as "Edwardian"; but there, when anyone talks as well and as generously as G. B. Stern, what is pedantry doing, interrupting with the dam of fact the flow of her ebullience?

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Belles-Lettres Notes

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AS I KNEW HIM, by Minnie Belle Mitchell. Old Swimmin' Hole Press, Greenfield, Ind. $3.50. These reminiscences are avowedly a tribute to the Hoosier poet whose centennial year is now being celebrated, particularly in Greenfield, Ind. Mrs. Mitchell, a friend of the poet, has gathered local gossip and anecdote that cover, for the most part, his early life: "God made him a genius, and Greenfield furnished the design for his poems." Spiritually he never left the town of his birth, though he traveled as far as Yale for an honorary degree, and "O the days gone by!" remained the cornerstone of his outlook. In this book not a detail is spared, from his beginnings, as related by a lady "who, herself, claimed the honor of being the first to kiss his little pink toes," to the end (1916), when "his spirit slipped away to join the waiting multitude just beyond the Valley of Shadows." Tintypes and snapshots implement the artless prose, as ingenuous as a Grandma Moses, to depict the setting, friends, and family of the poet-in-pince-nez.

It is easy to be condescending to Riley, to treat him as an earlier Edgar A. Guest. But seen as a poet of the American myth he is more significant. The "Old Swimmin' Hole," which he uncovered in his verse in 1883, became—in the vision of another poet thirty years later—a Spoon River, its shallow optimism deepened and embittered. As a cultural index Riley cannot easily be brushed aside; to millions of readers, even today, his homely pieties and platitudes are more vivid than the bowling alley and the juke box.

A LITTLE TREASURY OF AMERICAN PROSE, edited by George Mayberry. Scribner's. $5. This plump little anthology (why has the coy Victorian "treasury" been revived for this series?) embraces the whole American prose, from Colonial to our own times. Statistically, its 954 pages (plus xxi) contain an inadequate introduction, ninety-nine selections (eighty-three authors), sixty-one photographs, an index, and a red-ribbon place marker. It invites the reader to nibble and taste all the main figures in fiction, criticism, and political writing of all shades from Puritan beginnings to present "work in progress." In scope, arrangement, and choice of authors it is sensible and discriminating. But there are faults. Should the anthologist snip out a piece of a novel when the novelist has written excellent short stories which represent his art? In the case of James, Cather, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, and Farrell, Mr. Mayberry has preferred to snip. Then, where separate pieces are given he does not tell from what collection they come. In the case of Mencken, Eliot, Edmund Wilson, Irving Babbitt, *et al.*, the reader will be helped if the source and date are given. For, after all, an anthology of this sort can also be a treasury if it not only titillates the reader's appetite but directs him where to feed.

THE GENTLEMAN IN AMERICA, by Edwin Harrison Cady. Syracuse University Press. $3. In this book, subtitled "A Literary Study in American Culture," Professor Cady sets himself a stimulating problem: to discover how the concept of the gentleman was adapted to the changing culture of the United States from the time of the Puritans to the present. He examines the writings of non-literary figures like John Adams and Jefferson, as well as of men of letters like Cooper, Holmes, Emerson, and Howells. Most of his discussion seems to center in New England, an advantage in one way, for it lets us see the dynasty that started with such gentlemen as John Winthrop and ended with such

(*Continued on page 62*)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 337

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 337 will be found in the next issue.

UDG EGTRDRXIN HDBT

VGTPI EGXRT XH

PALPNH STBPCSTS

HDDCTG DG APITG XC

AXUT. —DHHDAX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 336

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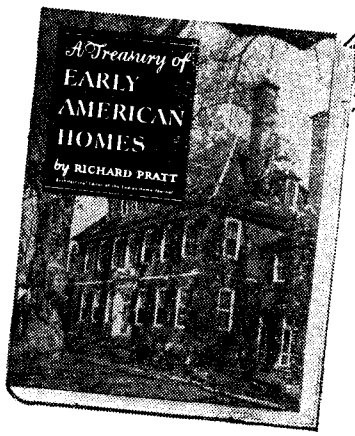

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What is life really like in Russia? What is the Russians' cultural heritage and how will it influence their actions in the future? To oblige the many Americans asking such questions, publishers are issuing numerous solid books that help illuminate the Russian riddle. Among the current titles, which will be duly reviewed in SRL, *one deals with literature: Marc Slonim's "Epic of Russian Literature." Another treats political economy: P. I. Lyaschenko's "History of the National Economy of Russia." Conway Zirkle's "Death of a Science in Russia" is about the Soviet's official policy on genetics. The whole field of culture is treated in G. S. Counts's and N. P. Lodge's "Country of the Blind," reviewed on page 48. . . . J. T. Flynn and other Americans frightened of British Socialism (see page 34) may find reassurance in Virginia Cowles's "No Cause for Alarm," discussed below.*

Welfare State and Glad of It

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM. By Virginia Cowles. New York: Harper & Bros. 333 pp. $3.75.

By JAMES M. MINIFIE

THIS is a delightful book; well written, witty, and penetrating. Virginia Cowles is one of the small group of first-rate journalists who covered World War II and its harbingers in Spain, Czechoslovakia, and Finland. Even in this company she was eminent. She made the best instead of the worst of being a woman correspondent. She worked hard. She did not abuse her charm or her connections, and she had plenty of both. She was not unduly impressed by authority and rank, although she knew how to work with them. She was credited with that generic definition of ambassadors: "Oh! People Mother used to invite so there would not be thirteen at table."

Miss Cowles was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, and brought up in Boston. In 1945 she married Aidan Crawley, a Labor Member of Parliament. With a farm in Buckingham and a town house in Westminster, she is familiar with the daily lives, joys, and worries of the countryman and the townsman in the new Britain which is thinking its way through the postwar welter.

There is a great deal of hard work in this book, but it does not intrude. Miss Cowles lightens her research with some of those delightful items which distinguish the English tradition, such as the fact that the Crown owns the white swans swimming in open or common rivers, provided they are wild and unmarked (hence the annual expedition sent up-Thames by the City of Westminster to nick the bills of its swans), and that it also owns sturgeon and whales captured in territorial waters as opposed to the open sea, with a special proviso that the whalebone goes to the Queen for her stays.

She clears up something that has puzzled and confused many foreigners by pointing out that the British public in the last hundred years or so added bourgeois morality to its qualifications for royalty. The King is not only the symbolic head of the state, he is also the embodiment of virtue. "This was the real reason, of course, why no political party raised a finger to keep the Duke of Windsor on the throne and why the present King is so popular."

The most valuable function of this book should be its examination of the slogans of "Socialism," "welfare state," and "statism," with which British and American Tories try to scare the lazy-minded out of a generation's growth.

The chapter on "How Socialist Are the Socialists," making the distinction between evolutionary English Socialism and revolutionary Continental Socialism is stimulating. Miss Cowles emphasizes the importance to the development of English Socialism of the close link between economic and political power in England, and the significance of primogeniture.

Since a Federal health scheme of some sort must be faced by Congress, the British record, both in its failures and its successes, could be of vital importance and help to the United States. No single item of the Labor Party's program has been more systematically misrepresented in the United States, in good part through the efforts of the American Medical

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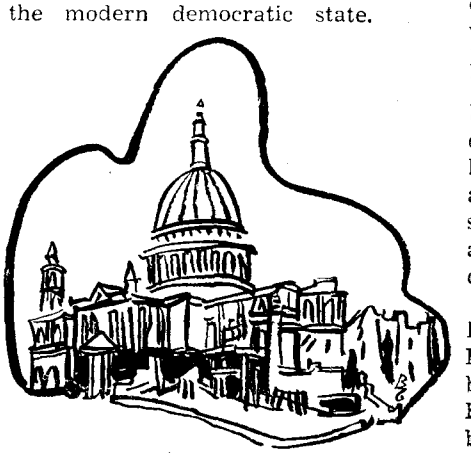
Association. Miss Cowles ought to be read by every American legislator for this chapter alone. She points out that both the national insurance and national health schemes were drawn up during the war by Winston Churchill's coalition Government, and that no Conservative Government would dream of repealing it. "It is important to realize that these enlightened and far-reaching measures were the subject of common agreement by men of all political parties," she points out.

The present and possible rulers of England are sketched in vivid colors. Miss Cowles picks her lighting effectively, witness the item on Churchill: "He insisted on a good bed, good food, good wine and brandy, and good cigars. Occasionally he dined out but he seldom spent a week end away from his own house, where things were ordered to his taste. Any deviation from comfort, arranged in the name of pleasure, filled him with gloom."

Miss Cowles stresses the tremendous role that the tradition of public service plays in the planned effort of Great Britain to work out of the present crisis. It is still "the thing" for a brilliant young man to enter the civil service or Parliament; and he can be reasonably sure that if he devotes time and talents to his country he will be elevated to the aristocracy of service; knighthoods also go to the producers of outstanding films and plays, to the discoverers of penicillin and the leaders of atomic research, as well as to contributors to the party war-chest. The public servant is never subjected to the humiliation and indignity which Congress can load onto a Lilienthal. And when the King entertains "the Lord Chamberlain, master of the invitations list, never loses sight of the strict national code which declares that the best British society is composed of those who serve Britain."

Miss Cowles believes that there is no cause for alarm in the progress of Britain but much occasion for contemplation, emulation, or modification by citizens of the American variant of the modern democratic state.



USSR Ninety Forty-Nine

THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND. By George S. Counts and Nucia P. Lodge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 378 pp. $4.

By Hallett Abend

IT IS unfortunate that the authors of "The Country of the Blind" did not choose to digest and recast the enormous amount of valuable information which is packed into this book in a manner which is unattractive and, for the average reader, will prove difficult of assimilation.

Mr. Counts and Miss Lodge have amassed a huge store of valuable data about the Soviet domestic system. American public opinion about international relations with Russia and satellite states would be more intelligently based if the things which this book contains were widely known in this country. But the facts which the authors have assembled are thrown at the reader in huge, raw chunks—much as lions and tigers are fed—and as a result reading this important book is a tedious and laborious task.

The average literate person in the Western democracies is convinced that in the Soviet Union official controls dominate literature, drama, music, education, the press, history, architecture, mathematics, and even science. But the average person does not know just how this is accomplished in the lands behind the Iron Curtain. "The Country of the Blind" makes the means and methods used to achieve control very plain, but, unhappily, the authors do not tell their tale in their own words. In fact at least half of the book, by bulk, consists of long and dreary translations of official Soviet documents, and in many important instances interpretative and explanatory writing is held to a scant minimum.

In their first few pages the authors make a fine beginning. They point out that in its early days the Russian Revolution aroused the hopes of men and women everywhere because they believed it would not be merely Russian but that it was the "beginning of a beneficent revolution that would encircle the earth," Year by year, however, these hopes have been disappointed, and year by year the early supporters have become disillusioned and transferred their allegiances to other causes.

Most early enthusiasts long ago relinquished the belief that the Russian Revolution would complete what was begun by the English, American, and French revolutions, and that it would become the "realistic synthesis of all

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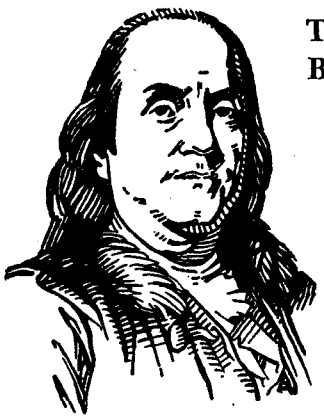

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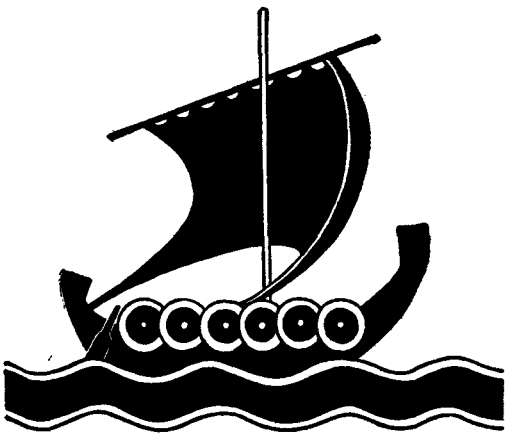

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the liberating and humanizing tendencies of the human heritage."

With horrified fascination the authors show clearly how Fascism grew and entrenched itself within the Soviet system, and how the original aims of the Revolution became perverted into instruments for the maintenance of the tyranny of terror. Today, they say, the All-Union Communist Party is not really a political party, and that it does not rule upon the authority or with the consent of the people. Like the empire of the czars which preceded it, the Soviet State of today can be dislodged only by violent revolution, or by foreign conquest and defeat.

One of the most frightening portions of this book is that which reveals the method by which history—even recent history—is actually rewritten from time to time to conform with shifts in the Party line. Long documents are offered showing how eminent editors, writers, composers, physicians, scientists, and educators actually grovel in abjectly-worded "confessions" of tendencies condemned by the Party bosses, and how they in effect debase themselves by promising good behavior if they are spared the agony of prison camps or other punishment.

Page after page presents shocking evidence of bruised minds and cringing souls. When fear causes the creative leaders of any nation to publicly resort to fawning ingratiation of tyrants in order merely to survive, the future for that nation is black indeed.

Warning the nations of the West that a people thus cowed and blinded to truth "can be a dangerous adversary, advancing with the inexorable and pitiless quality of an avalanche," the authors nevertheless have the temerity to offer a twelve-point program by means of which they believe the democracies can win the cold war. These twelve points are:

(1) Build the foundations of world peace through international organization. (2) Keep the nations of the West strong—weakness encourages the Kremlin to aggression. (3) Halt Soviet aggression through the United Nations. (4) Halt all efforts of the Cominform to overthrow other governments. (5) Speed the economic recovery of Europe and the world. (6) Support and nourish liberal regimes everywhere; refuse assistance to any regime which clearly represents the interests of a privileged class. (7) Liquidate speedily the entire colonial system. (8) Fulfil the democratic promise of history; only this can defeat the false democracy of Communism. (9) The American people should do everything possible to rebuild the economic foundations of their democracy. (10) Open the United States to unfettered immigration from lands where despotism prevails. (11) The American people must speedily acquire understanding of the strange world in which we live. (12) Speedily develop an educational system dedicated to the values of freedom and democracy.

Hallett Abend, former China correspondent for The New York Times, *is author of "Chaos in Asia."*

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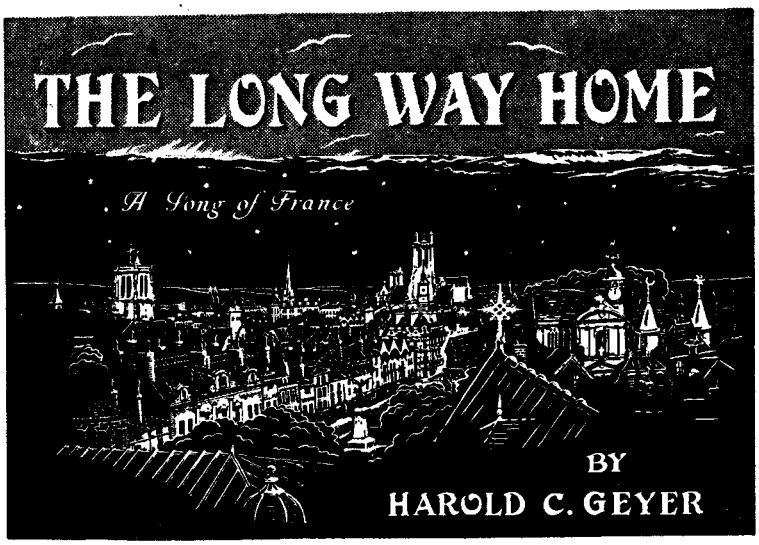

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SONG BEGINS

(*Continued from page 14*)

measures in a refrain, so many beats in a measure, and they cannot be ignored. There is rhythm and tempo, and its continuity must be unbroken. The concessions with which a melody can favor words are limited. The larynxes of singers are limited. They must be given a chance to breathe after a certain number of words have been sung, and if they are building up to a high note at the finish, they must be given a good deep breath before they attack it. Both the lyric writer and the composer must worry about all these things. If a song is not singable, it is no song at all.

LEST at any point I seem to be laying down rigid rules, let me acknowledge quickly that there are no such things in my craft. Some of our most successful compositions stray far beyond the narrow borders that restrict the well-made refrain. "Star Dust" rambles and roams like a truant schoolboy in a meadow. Its structure is loose, its pattern complex. Yet it has attained the kind of long-lived popularity that few songs can claim. What has it got? I'm not certain. I know only that it is beautiful and I like to hear it. It is a mood-creating song. It has repose and wistfulness. It is something very special, all by itself. Anyone who tried to imitate it would be a fool.

"Begin the Beguine" is another rule-breaker—too long! It is what is known among professional songwriters as "a tape worm." It hasn't the cohesive and compact continuity of a popular song. But it *is* popular and has been for about twenty years. That's *very* popular. This is an "atmospheric" song. It transports you to places where palm trees wave across yellow moons and Spanish is spoken, which is exactly what Cole Porter wants it to do to you.

Songs like these, ignoring the orthodox principles, are freaks and anomalies. One doesn't learn much from anomalies. Common-sense solutions to normal problems are the first things to master. One very fundamental problem is the special use of certain words in songs. Some words, for instance, have lost their value through overuse. "Divine" is such a word. It occurs in "All the Things You Are." I didn't like this word when I submitted the song to Jerry Kern and, as I had anticipated, he didn't like it either. For many days I worked trying to find a substitute. I just couldn't. The last lines are: "Some day I'll

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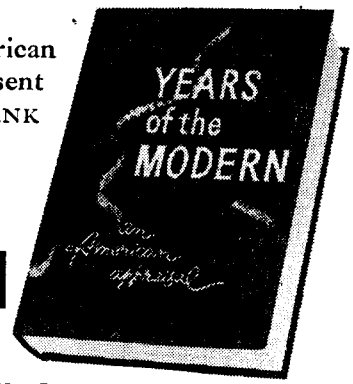

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know that moment divine, When all the things you are, are mine." I was trapped. "All the things you are," referred to poetically and romantically throughout the song, are certainly what I wish to be "mine." I could not surrender this finish. But it demands an "ine" rhyme. "Some day I'll know that moment . . ." What? Sign, line, fine, shine? Nothing served as well as the unwanted "divine." I never could find a way out. The song written in 1937 shows signs of being a long-lived standard ballad—but I shall never be happy with that word!

Rhyming, phonetics, semantics—all very important. But technique and professional polish do not make a song. They improve it and their absence might ruin it, but there is an element much less tangible that is the deciding factor in a song's life. One evening last summer I was on Arthur Godfrey's television program. He told me that he was continually besieged by young songwriters. He said that almost everyone seemed to have written his one song and wanted to find out how to get it before the public. I told Arthur that I'd had an entirely different experience. Most young songwriters or amateur songwriters of all ages who have approached me have told me that they had at least forty songs—sometimes 400 songs. Most of them make the point that they can rattle them off very quickly, one a day or as many as anyone would wish. "Songs just come to me," many people tell me. If I met a man with just one song, I would be more interested in him. I believe that anyone who stated sincerely what was deep in his heart could not only write a song, but could quickly get it published because it would be sure to be a good song. What actually happens in the case of practically all amateur writers is that they are imitating other men's songs. They are being, or trying to be, Irving Berlin or Cole Porter, or they are trying to imitate some of the songs currently on The Hit Parade. My observation about amateurs is that they are money-mad. The successful professional loves songs and loves songwriting. The amateurs want some quick money and think that songwriting is an easy way to get it. They want to believe that the main trick is to get to know some publisher, or a bandleader, or someone who will exploit their manuscript. But they don't spend enough time on each manuscript. They submit songs in their first draft. They don't go over them painstakingly as professional writers do, and they don't in the first instance dig it up out of their own brains and hearts.

The most important ingredient of a good song is sincerity. Let the song be yours and yours alone. However important, however trivial, believe it. Mean it from the bottom of your heart, and say what is on your mind as carefully, as clearly, as beautifully as you can. Show it to no one until you are certain that you cannot make one change that would improve it. After that, however, be willing to make improvements if someone can convince you that they are needed.

This sounds like simple advice, but no one knows better than I how hard it is to follow. The basic rules are always the hardest ones to observe, even though they seem the easiest. No beginner on the golf course or the tennis courts questions the good sense of his first lesson when he is told to keep his eye on the ball. This seems such an obvious thing to do, and yet no matter how many years you play these games your chief mistake remains taking your eye off the ball. This tendency to skip over the fundamental things and grasp the superficial is the tragedy of man's history from the beginning of time. I do not, therefore, place undue blame on mis-

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guided songwriters. They are merely keeping up the tradition of the stupidity of the human race when, instead of writing what they honestly feel, they invent fancy rhymes and foolish jokes and tricky titles and imitative phrases and lines that merely "fill in." I do not blame them if they spend their days trying to get to know someone who knows someone who is the brother-in-law of a publisher. I am just saying that all these things are a waste of time without a good manuscript. Get the right words and the right notes down on paper and, in some way, your song will reach the public. Publishers are looking for good songs. They often make mistakes and reject good ones and accept bad ones, but I do not believe that all the publishers will ever reject a really good song. Somebody will appreciate its quality. If a publisher doesn't, some record company will. The people who claim that the publishing and songwriting game is a tight ring into which beginners are not permitted are usually people with carelessly written manuscripts in their briefcases. The men who write the good songs haven't time for all this kind of talk. They are too busy writing and loving what they write before they show it to anybody else.

If I seem unfairly severe on the amateur songwriter, the source of my intolerance is my own history. When I first began writing I, too, made all these same mistakes, and I am frantically anxious to prevent others from making them. I used to write songs very quickly. A Long Island commuter, I prided myself that I could often write a refrain on one trip into New York, and the verse on the way back that night. Not many of these were good songs. I was too easily satisfied with my work. I was too often trying to emulate older and better lyric writers, saying things similar to the things they were saying. It would have been all right had I been content to imitate the forms of their songs, but the substance should have been mine and it was not. I know that insincerity held me back for several years, and I know that even after I'd had a period of success, it again handicapped me and caused me to have failures. Loathing all dishonest and sloppy work for the sorrows it has caused me, I loathe it in others as I would any poison, and if I can knock it out of anyone, I will.

This article is drawn from the preface to the new book, "Lyrics," by Oscar Hammerstein II, to be published shortly by Simon & Schuster.

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Seeing Things

ACTING AT ITS BEST

DISASTERS are supposed to come in three's, but good things obviously come in two's. The Lunts prove this. Since Adam and Eve was there ever such a couple? Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have this advantage over that other pair who were the first to taste the fruits of Paradise. They have never left the garden, which in their case is the theatre. Moreover, they have labored long and joyously in it without any threat of being driven out. In "I Know My Love"* they are celebrating their twenty-fifth year together as an acting team, a fact well known to those who love the Lunts, and this means almost everyone.

They were married in 1922 and first appeared together, in "The Guardsman" of unforgettable memory, in 1924. I summon these cold statistics with a reason. For plain citizens to be man and wife for more than a quarter of a century is in itself something of an achievement in the contemporary world, where there are those to whom marriage obviously seems less a sacrament than a game of leapfrog. Players, however, belong to a race apart. For them to remain married for twenty-five years is in the nature of news, and good news at that. Actors, both on the West Coast and on Broadway, do sometimes enter into matrimony as breathless transients. Since the agitating question of their billing can end their cooing, they are often tempted to be more interested in their liberty than their union. But the Lunts, whom all of us applaud, would also get a hand from Daniel Webster. They have remained one and indivisible all these happy and contributive years.

On the subject of marriage Emerson once indulged in a paradox. "Is not marriage," asked he, "an open question when it is alleged from the beginning of the world that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?" The only problem (and a sizable one it is) Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have ever raised by continuing to act together as man and wife is how the countless thousands who wish to get in to see them wherever they are playing can come by the necessary tickets. Their popularity up and down the country is enormous. It is exceeded only by their skill.

The commonplace comment to make about the Lunts is to fall back on a story once associated with Modjeska, and to insist that were they to recite the alphabet audiences would be delighted. To a certain extent they are doing the brilliant equivalent of this in "I Know My Love." The play which S. N. Behrman has derived from Marcel Achard's "Auprès de Ma Blonde" is scarcely Pulitzer Prize material. I doubt if it edged M. Achard closer to the Académie when Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay scored a triumph in it in Paris. Not that this is important, but it is about as near as a French dramatist, or Mr. Behrman for that matter, ever came to writing like Dodie Smith.

Laid now in Boston, it deals with what might be described as a John Marquandary. It is one of those family cavalcades which tells how a couple has managed to stay on affectionate and welded terms for fifty years, in spite of parent trouble, mistress trouble, children trouble, and grandchildren trouble. The American version starts off in January 1939, when the prosperous Chanlers are celebrating their golden wedding. Thereafter, with the aid of a machine which thoughtfully flashes the date of each pivotal scene on the curtain, it leaps backward in time to 1888, 1902, 1918, and 1920, in order to catch up with and explain what is here presented as its prologue.

The imagination is not taxed to realize what a holiday of wig-wearing and costume-changing is provided by a script which embarks on such a safari through the calendar, or what raids on the make-up box it necessitates. Although Mr. Behrman's wonderfully crisp and precise mastery of the language again and again makes itself felt, one trembles to think what the play he has adapted would be like without such a couple as the Lunts. One trembles the more upon encountering the hints given in those moments when the Lunts are not on the stage.

Since they are present, however, and very much present, such considerations are beside the point and have nothing to do with how agreeable and rewarding an evening is offered by "I Know My Love." What matters is not what the play is like as a play but what it becomes as a delectable theatrical experience because of the Lunts.

No one needs to be reminded that, much as the theatre benefits from dramatic literature, it can thrive without it. Fine acting is capable of creating a satisfactory substitute for good writing. Actors of the Lunts' perfection endow shallow scenes with depth and make tarnished situations sparkle. Their faces do the work of words. Their voices, gestures, expressions, stance, make-up, and costumes supply a self-sufficient vocabulary of their own; a vocabulary which can be eloquent, witty, moving, simple or sophisticated, and altogether enjoyable.

EVERYBODY knows that the Lunts have been liberated, not fettered, by their union. Their marriage bonds have set them free, entitling them to audacities beyond the reach of unwedded performers. Although fortunately our theatre possesses its full quota of dazzling players, its good fortune is to possess in the Lunts the finest acting couple, if not in the world, certainly in the English-speaking world. Long, long ago I tried to point out that one of the most ingratiating aspects of their teamwork is that they act to show each other off rather than to show each other up. Their playing is blessedly free from those petty frictions and attention-winning tricks by means of which lesser actors indulge in that special form of grand larceny known as scene-stealing. Their performances are glorious games of give-and-take in which there is no jealousy in the giving and only generosity in the taking.

In "The Guardsman," "The Second Man," "Reunion in Vienna," "Design for Living," or "O Mistress Mine," for example, they may have romped and tussled more vigorously around the stage or on couches, but they have never shown greater warmth or tenderness than in "I

I KNOW MY LOVE, a play by S. N. Behrman, adapted from "Auprès de Ma Blonde," by Marcel Achard. Directed by Alfred Lunt. Settings and costumes by Stewart Chaney. Presented by the Theatre Guild and John C. Wilson. With a cast including Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, Katharine Bard, Thomas Palmer, Doreen Lang, Allen Martin, Noel Leslie, Lily Kemble-Cooper, Henry Barnard, Hugh Franklin, Anne Sargent, Esther Mitchell, etc. At the Shubert Theatre, New York City. Opened November 2, 1949.

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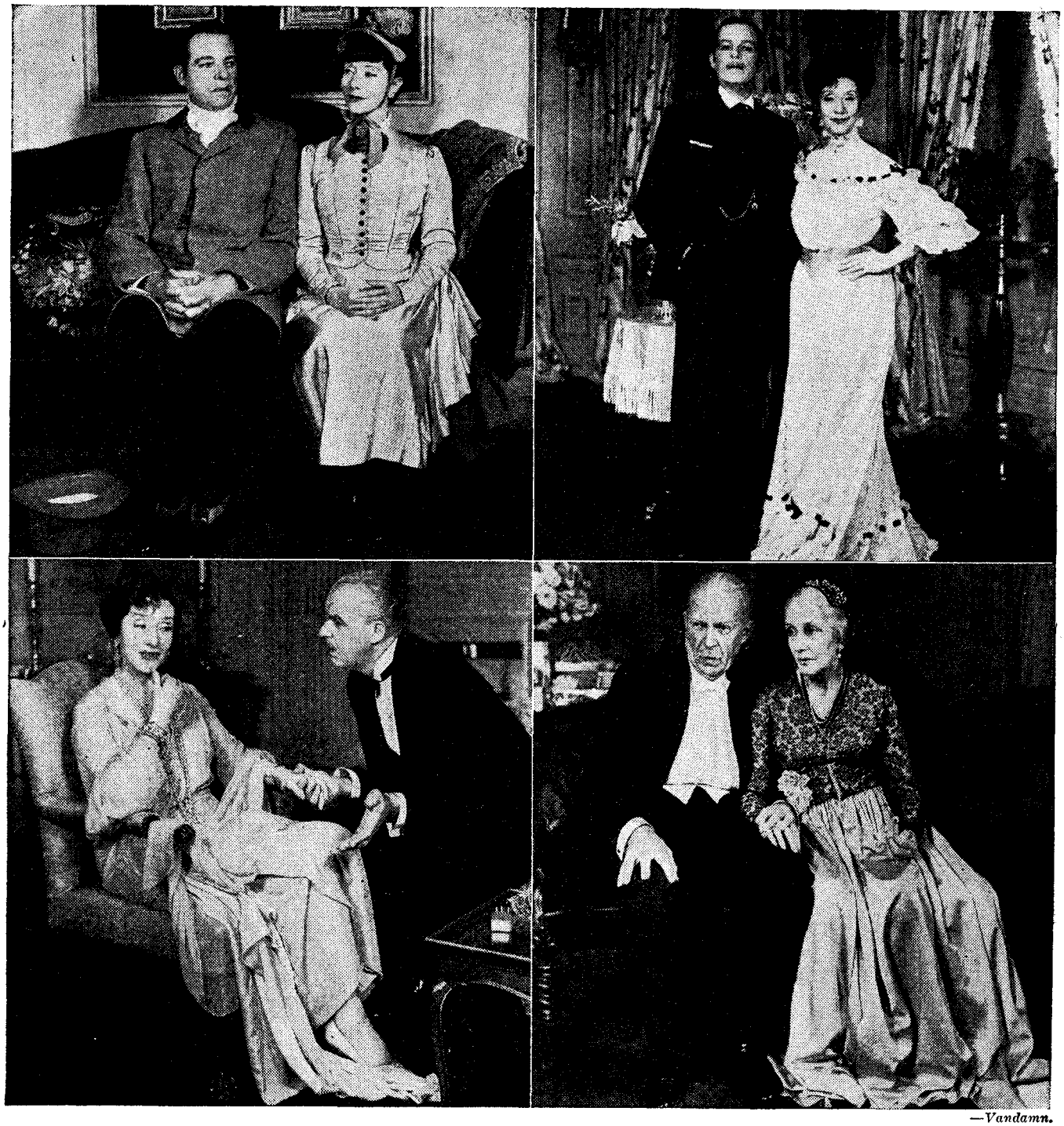

—*Vandamm.*

The Lunts—"Glorious games of give-and-take in which there is no jealousy in the giving and only generosity in the taking."

Know My Love." Their skill is such that one is willing to believe in them even when, in the prologue as an aged couple, they are asked to say affectionate things to one another in the presence of newspaper photographers which most proper Bostonians would find it hard to get said even in private.

Not unnaturally, theatregoers like to see actors act. Their wishes are often ignored. The Lunts, however, do not fail them. They delight in their profession and make others delight in it, too. In "I Know My Love" they may run the gamut of the years, but whether they are being old, middle-aged, or young they never rely upon their make-up, their wigs, or their costumes to do the real work for them. They are in complete command of all those subtleties and shadings in voice, expression, and physical bounce (or its recession) appropriate to their changing ages.

Watching them impersonate the altering Chanlers includes among its other pleasures the agreeable sensation of turning over the pages in the Lunts' scrapbook, and hence reviving some of the most treasured of our theatrical memories. We are bound to recapture something of our own youth when the Lunts recapture theirs. The calendar presents them with no difficulties. Having removed their white wigs, Mr. Lunt is able to bob up looking as he did in "Outward Bound," and Miss Fontanne (who is truly the Fontanne of Youth) can appear as she did in "Dulcy."

The theatre is nowadays said to be in a bad way. There are plenty of facts to support such a statement. Yet, so long as the Lunts are part of it, no one can deny that it still possesses life and vitality, or that it is capable of providing joys to be found nowhere else.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 23)

there is at least some justification. In only one instance has Mr. Wilson gone very far beyond the historical evidence. That is in the romance between Lincoln and Anna Roby. We know only that she was a girl of the neighborhood to whom he paid some little attention. Here, however, she becomes the subject of a full-fledged love affair, and the cause of deep and lasting emotional disturbance in the boy.

But "Abe Lincoln of Pigeon Creek" is fiction, not history. The important consideration is not that Mr. Wilson's incidents, or his characters, be susceptible to documentation, but that they be credible to the reader. That they are. One has no difficulty in identifying the people in this novel with the people of the same name whom one has encountered in the biographies of Lincoln. All fit. That can also be said of the environment in which they are placed. A former Hoosier, the author knows his Indiana and writes of it with a degree of realism which is not likely to be pleasing to the more ardent state patriots.

The story itself is anything but sensational, yet it flows evenly, and under Mr. Wilson's sensitive treatment holds one's attention to the end.

Spiritual Thirst

THE RIGHT PEOPLE. By McCready Huston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 288 pp. $3.

By Pamela Taylor

THERE have been books recently entitled "Parents Are People" and "Children Are People," but I hope that someone will write a little handbook for authors entitled "Millionaires Are Also People." For it is high time that the popular novelists learned that, the gaudier press and gossip columns to the contrary, a millionaire is still a human being, that to be socially prominent does not necessarily mean that you are socially impossible, and that rich women fall into more than the categories of the frigid and the wanton.

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takes enormous pride in the fact that the University is going to give him an honorary degree. His successes, to be sure, are largely material (just as the distinction for which he is being honored by the University is that of being able to write a considerably larger check than most of his fellow citizens). His wife is cold, self-absorbed, uncompanionable, his son unable to make the adjustment of return to civilian life after his army years. As his anxiety over his son's indiscretions points up his own bitter loneliness, Gavin considers divorce and remarriage to a calculating young widow. But when the tragic scandal in which his son and the daughter of his old, enormously wealthy friend Hortense Malden are involved focuses on him and his family the unwelcome glare of notoriety, he faces the depth of his need for the first time. An unconventional young Episcopal priest and the equally unconventional Mrs. Malden help him to set his feet upon a path which, at the novel's close, one may hope will lead to at least some assuagement of his spiritual thirst.

While he is dealing with strong material—infidelity, vicious irresponsibility, insane jealousy, murder, grief—Mr. Huston does not, having stated the action, portray anything but the most superficial emotion in his characters. The Gavins are presented as such flabby and cold individuals one wonders whether the spiritual enterprises to which they are converted are gaining assets or liabilities.

The truth is that while McCready Huston has shown the most ambitious theme with which contemporary fiction can deal—a man turning aside from his habitual life, and, materially, an enormously successful one, to follow a path of dedicated, philanthropical service, to which he believes he is directed by God—the solution which climaxes the novel is merely the substitution of impeccable moral and ethical conduct for a life of selfishness. No spiritual dimensions have been projected. This is a dramatic struggle only when the existence of God *and* Devil are believed, and the stake is not today's and tomorrow's peace of mind, but the eternal fate of a human soul.

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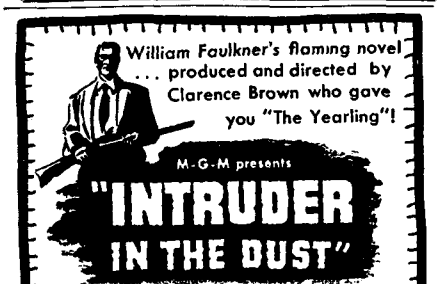

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Out West in '89

SHANE. By Jack Schaefer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 214 pp. $2.50.

By EDMUND FULLER

FOR those who like this kind of book, this short special Western is just the kind of book they will like. Its pace is steady. Its tension is of the uncoiling spring variety. It is as clean as a hound's tooth, if you'll pardon the expression, and manly as all hell.

In a certain Wyoming valley, in the summer of '89, a classic conflict is brewing between a handful of homesteaders with fenced-in claims and a big, open-range beef baron, who wants the land unimpeded. Strength of character and industry have made solid Joe Starrett the focus and symbol of this struggle. If Fletcher, the beef man, can uproot Starrett, all will go. If Starrett stands, all will stand.

It is through the eyes of Starrett's boy, Bob, that we see the drama that begins with the arrival of Shane. No other name or hint about identity is ever given by the quiet, slender, hyper-tense man who rides up to Starretts and accepts Joe's invitation to stay the night. He remains as hired man, though clearly he is not a farmer. There was something deadly about him and at the same time something charming. As Joe explains it to his wife, Marian, he is "a special brand you get out in the grass country; a bad one is poison, a good one is straight grain clear through."

The struggle to the death with Fletcher resolves itself around the figure of Shane. An Homeric friendship exists between Shane and Joe that's enough to make you weep, what with Bob's hero-worship thrown in. Even Marian succumbs to the power of Shane (in spirit only, I hasten to add) and Joe, with a breadth of outlook uncommon in the he-man, assures her that anything that happens is all right with him 'cause he knows a better man when he sees one.

This is the frame of the story and it works out its inevitable course. It is smoothly and adroitly executed by the standards of the teller of tales. We are offered it as a specimen transcending the quality and audience appeal of the ordinary Western. This I am not so sure about. I confess I don't know how good it is.

I think, however, that Mr. Schaefer would have done better not to spin the tale so completely in the familiar cliches and bromides of the genre. This is his first novel and shows ability. But if, next time, he chooses again a primitive story type and sets out to transcend it I hope he will define his intention more clearly and realize it more fully.

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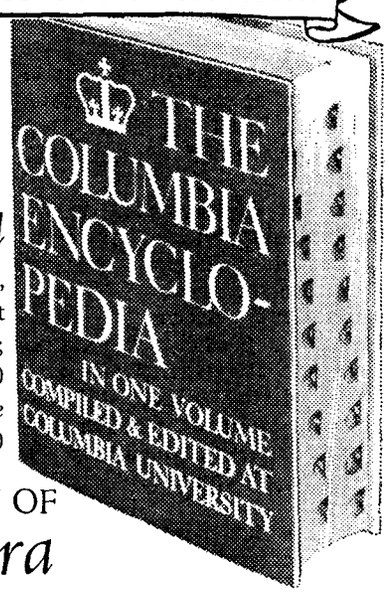

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Fiction Notes

THE FREEHOLDER, by Joe David Brown. William Morrow. $3. It is odd how many novels have tolerably good beginnings and peter out before the book is done. A case in point is "The Freeholder," which starts out competently enough as a piece of rough-and-tumble fiction obviously designed for adult men who have never ceased to be boys and for boys who have yet to become men. Plausibility is a necessary requirement of popular fiction as of any other. This requirement is met in the first half of this energetic tale, but somewhere in the middle we begin to raise our eyebrows; it's a bit trying to keep them up to the end.

In the year 1800 a humane doctor

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delivered a young woman confined in the Yarmouth gaol of a lusty youngster, Horatio Tench, the hero of this story. He was brought up in the Waifs' Home, whence Samuel Tompkins, more brute than man, accepted him as an apprentice in his rope-making shop. A Yankee at the Yarmouth docks told Horatio about an American poem called the "Preamble to the Constitution," which gave him the idea of becoming a free man in America.

After a quarrel in which he killed Tompkins, Horatio fled to America as an indentured servant. How he came to be an overseer on a Carolina cotton plantation, the fights he had, and the betrayal he suffered at the hands of the owner and his daughter Clover, how in the end he gained both his freehold and his true love is the burden of the rest of this melodramatic tale. —JOHN COURNOS.

THE DIVIDED PATH, by Nial Kent. Greenberg. $3. It must be admitted in advance that reviewing this novel about a homosexual man is very much like reviewing a first-hand account of life among the pygmies. I can judge it only on the basis of other books I have read on the same subject, or according to the presence or absence of that unmistakable sense of universal truth which arises from a work of integrity. On neither of these counts do I feel this to be a good book. It exhibits its homosexual hero, Michael, as citizen in an extraordinarily widespread and ribald society, vigorous and content; and it skirts entirely the essential fact of conflict in his life—that he is alien and islanded amongst us by every virtue of his especial sensitivities.

Paradoxically, we are even further from him now than ever. For while it has always been possible to understand the alien spirit, even to identify ourselves with him, since we are each in some way alone—it is quite another thing to behold a whole world of extravagant creatures, acting like nothing so much as college lads cavorting in a brothel, except that you look again to see there are no girls present. Their concupiscence is our own greatly magnified, and there is but little more to the fairly lengthy history of Michael than that: his love for Paul, his love for Nikki, his love for John, and so forth, with the parties they go to, the nauseating letters they write, their infidelities and broken hearts.

Surely there is more to say of the world of the homosexual than this. It has been better said in at least half a dozen novels that come to mind. —NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

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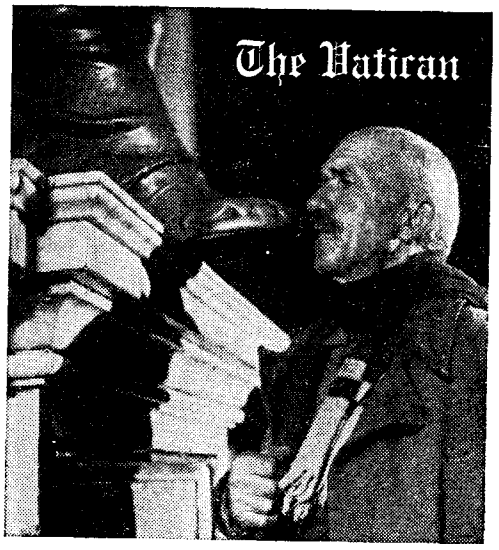

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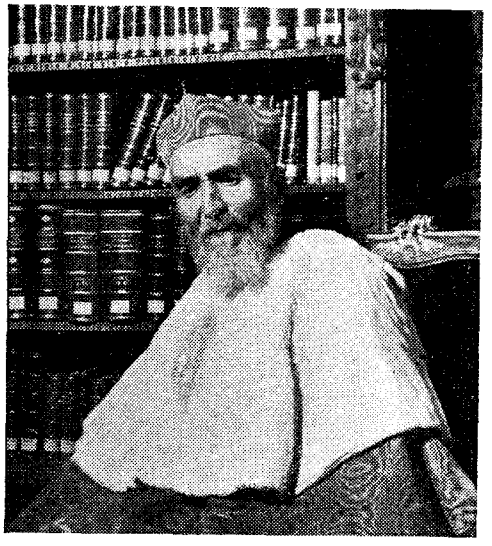

. . . reveals in words and unprecedented pictures the private life of Pius XII and the workings of Roman Catholicism's capital.

*THE VATICAN. By Ann Carnahan. With photographs by David Seymour. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 190 pp. $4.

BOOKED for TRAVEL

YEAR OF THE GREAT PARDON

ON DECEMBER 24 this year, as you are putting the last knot on the Christmas packages or crowning the tree with the Star of Bethlehem, in Rome His Holiness Pius XII, Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Jesus Christ, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, will be standing in front of a sealed door of St. Peter's holding a lighted candle wrapped in white and gold cloth.

Handing the candle to a Cardinal, the Pope will take an ivory-handled hammer and strike the sealed door. "Open the doors of justice for me," he will say. Then, striking the wall a second time, he will add, "I shall enter Thy House, O Lord." With the third hammer blow he will say, "Open the doors for God is with us." At that, the wall, previously cut from the inside, will crumble onto a board and be drawn away. Similarly at St. John Lateran, St. Mary Major, and St. Paul-without-the-walls, three other Roman basilicas, three other Holy Doors will be opened by cardinals delegated by the Pope.

So will begin for the world's 330,000,000 Roman Catholics the Holy Year of 1950, the Year of the Great Return, of the Great Pardon. Except for special jubilee years which may be called by the Pope to celebrate an extraordinary event, Holy Years fall every twenty-five years. The last was held in 1933 to celebrate the nineteenth Centenary of the Redemption.

During the Jubilee, which extends from this Christmas Eve until Christmas Eve 1950, Catholics fulfilling the prescribed conditions will be able to acquire plenary—or full—indulgences not otherwise obtainable. The conditions require a trip to Rome, either as a pilgrim in an organized group or as an individual traveler. During the three days the penitent must visit St. Peters, St. John Lateran, St. Paul-without-the-walls, and St. Mary Major, in any order they wish, but entering each basilica by its Holy Door. In each the pilgrim must recite the Creed, and three times each the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Glory Be to the Father." Also they must say an "Our Father," a "Hail Mary," and a "Glory Be to the Father" for the Intentions of the Holy Father.

In turn every pilgrim who comes to Rome will be received in general audience by the Pope. Each will be given a pilgrim's envelope containing a pilgrim's prayer and hymn book, a guidebook of Rome, and an identification card which entitles the bearer to reductions on virtually all transportation including air travel from the United States. The French National Railways and the Swiss railways will offer reductions as high as 40 per cent depending upon the size of the pilgrimage. The Italian State Railways will grant a 40-per-cent reduction to any pilgrim coming to Rome, and reductions as high as 60 per cent for groups of 750 or over.

During the year the Pope will say Mass in St. Peter's at least once a month and Canonizations will be held periodically throughout the year. There will be expositions of Catholic world activity, Catholic Charity, Sacred Art, Sacred Music, and native art from worldwide Catholic missions.

In normal times, which is to say when the Pope is not under the pressure of a Holy Year, visitors may gain an audience by equipping themselves beforehand with a recommendation from some ecclesiastical authority in the United States. Lacking such reference Americans coming to Rome may present themselves at the office of the Honorable Myron Taylor, who is the Personal Representative of the President of the United States of America to his Holiness the Pope. Mr. Taylor and his staff hold office in a villa behind the American Embassy.

A VATICAN messenger will call personally at the door of your hotel room with an engraved invitation announcing the hour you are to be at the Vatican, or at Castelgandolfo, the Pope's summer residence just outside Rome. Court etiquette used to command visitors to wear formal dress, but the rule has been waived since the war. Now it is merely requested that Vatican visitors be modestly dressed. Black is commendable, but not necessary. Ladies with low-cut or short-sleeved dresses will, of course, be frowned upon, and men are expected to wear coats and dark ties. Ladies are also asked to remove their gloves and cover their heads.

Your Papal invitation will get you past Swiss guards in black beret and uniform designed by Michelangelo of

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orange, blue, and red straps with bloomers and stockings to match; past bustling Monsignors in flowing robes of purple, past ushers in red satin breeches, red jackets, red socks, and white formal shirts and white ties. If you are of world importance your interview will be private. If you are of no importance you may be relegated to a look and a blessing in general audience. If you have come with a letter from your parish or recommended by the embassy your interview will be semi-private. You will share your audience with thirty or forty others all arranged by name around the room. After the ushers have rearranged you and checked your position half a dozen times, the Monsignor who has been peeking into the next room announces the arrival of the Pope. There is a bustle at the door and His Holiness sweeps in. He is clad in a white skull cap, white robes, and red velvet shoes. It strikes you suddenly that he is tall. His face is iron gray, he wears spectacles, his hair in back is closely cropped. His movements are quick and alert. He slips rapidly along the line, speaking Italian, French, German, or English as the occasion demands. If you are Catholic you kneel and kiss the Papal ring. "Where are you from?" he is likely to say to you in a soft voice. And when you tell him he is likely to answer, "I thank you for coming." Then from over his shoulder he takes a medallion from an attendant, hands it to you, and moves on. When the end of the line is reached the Pope stands at the head of the chamber, and makes the Sign of the Cross. Those who are dictated by religion or instinct kneel. For non-Catholics it is not obligatory, or necessarily expected. The prayer over, the Pope wheels to go. As he passes through the portal the ushers drape his shoulders in an ermine cape.

Although special indulgences were granted to the Crusaders, the first official Holy Year took place in 1300. Romans living then seemed to recall having heard about pilgrims coming to Rome to receive special pardons a hundred years before, but there is no written substantiation of it in history. The first Holy Year was held with the intention of celebrating it each hundred years thereafter. Papal successors to Pope Boniface VIII, who started the Jubilees in 1300, thought it more equitable if the celebration were held every fifty years to permit all men in their lifetime to gain the Holy Year Indulgence. Later the interval was changed to thirty-

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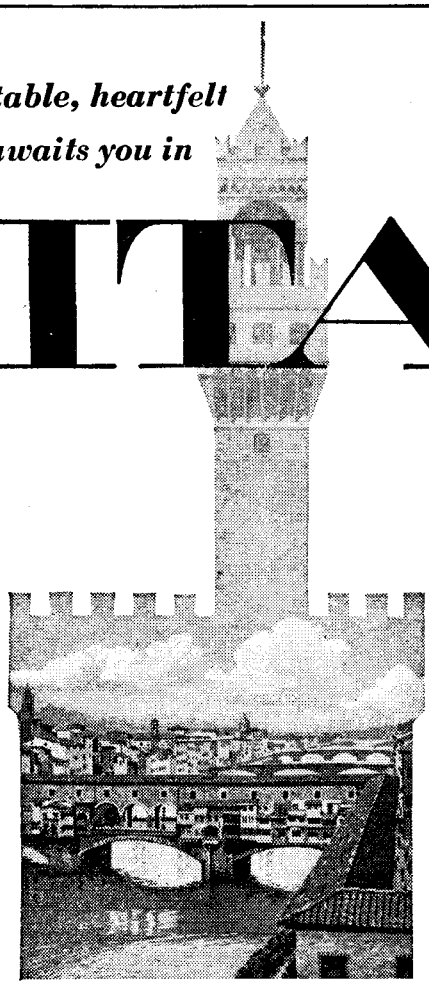

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three years, the time Christ lived on earth. Finally the period was reduced to twenty-five years, a custom which has been maintained over four centuries.

Crowds began flocking to Rome to gain the special indulgences almost from the first Jubilee. During the Holy Year of 1450 one chronicler wrote, "There was so great a concourse in Rome that no one could remember having seen a greater. From wherever you looked you could see the crowd and there were more people who did not see the Pope than those who did." The jam of people going back and forth to St. Peter's by way of the Sant' Angelo Bridge never thinned until three in the morning. People slept on porches, in the streets. Many families became separated in the crush and, according to an account written at the time, "went about lost, calling one another, a thing that was a pity to see." In 1575, without benefit of railroad, motor car, or airplane (and in spite of a plague raging elsewhere in Italy) there were 300,000 foreigners in Rome for the opening of the Holy Doors.

The year 1950 will be the first Holy Year for Pius XII, and the first Holy Year for the age of transoceanic aircraft. Some 3,000,000 pilgrims (among them, 2,000,000 Italians, 200,000 Americans), heeding the fourteenth-century words of Maestro Bonaiuto, will follow the path to Rome some time before Christmas Eve 1950. Said Bonaiuto:

> All ye from near and far, and ye whom the sea divides from our shores, tear masts from the woods, unfurl your sails, and ply your oars so that you may come and touch the Holy Doors of Rome.

—Horace Sutton.

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TRAVELERS' TALES

WINE JOURNEYS, by Stuart Olivier. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. A collection of tales concerning the author's searchings abroad for hard-to-find vintages, a sport indulged in by some with all the esoteric fervor which attends the bee-hunter or the pigeon fancier. How Mr. Olivier tracked down a bottle of 1874 Chateau Rayne or the circumstances attendant to his polishing off a bottle of 1911 Rhone wine at the Chapon Fin in Bordeaux in 1927 may not be of altogether worldwide interest. On the other hand the confrerie in which water is a dirty word may find ecstatic pleasure in these rambling tales, told in the third person, in gentle, creaking-rocking-chair style. Not recommended for Coke-drinking Americans.

LONDON ECHOING, by James Bone. Pictures by Muirhead Bone. Dutton. $5. A rather sentimental reflection by a London journalist now retired to a Surrey hamlet. Aside from recollections of Fleet Street days, Mr. Bone offers some thoroughly readable history about London's old taverns, old hotels, even old shops. There was a tavern where a secret fraternity of Scottish pressmen met, and another which habitually drew the staff of the *London Mercury,* among them Hilaire Belloc, J. B. Priestley, and Sir John Squire. There was Romano's, where more marriages were made than in heaven, especially between "Gaiety Girls" and members of the peerage. And the Tavistock, frequented by actors, Australian cricket teams, Far East soldiers, the boxing circle, and Bohemian eccentrics. Some, like The Ship at Greenwich, were blitzed during the war, but the memory of The Ship has been immortalized in the prose of Dickens, Thackeray, and Meredith. There are some words about London's tourists, particularly Americans who have come variously to ogle the Roman bath, of which few Londoners know, and to search for the skull of Pocahontas in Deptford Church.—H. S.

BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page* 44)

genteel-men as "George Apley." To develop his topic fully (for America) involves a far greater scope than he takes, but within his limits his discussion is fresh and sensible. Although the book is generally well written and proof-read, such a startling sentence as this occurs: "He [Adams] had worn a little sword as Vice-President chairing the Senate." Obviously, the reviewer who quotes it is no gentleman!

ARTHUR MACHEN: Weaver of Fantasy, by William Francis Gekle. Round Table Press, Millbrook, N. Y. As a writer of tales about the supernatural and as a translator of Rabelais and Casanova, Arthur Machen occupies a respectable niche. Some of his stories, "The Great God Pan" especially, are occasionally included in anthologies. But for such a prolific and ambitious writer as he was, he never achieved a public large enough to keep his books in print; nor did he enjoy a reputation serious enough to embalm him in the textbooks of literary history. Mr. Gekle argues, in this rambling, discursive study, that Machen deserves readers and reputation, but he states his case with more enthusiasm than cogency, and in a style that is precious and mannered. A bibliography of Machen's writings is appended.

HISTORY OF THE PRE-ROMANTIC NOVEL IN ENGLAND, by James R. Foster. Modern Language Assoc. of America, New York. $4.50. This is one of those exhaustive jobs that had to be done, and Professor Foster has bravely done it. He has traced the history of the eighteenth-century novel of sensibility. Though one may disagree with his labels—the "neo-classical novels" of Fielding and Smollett, for example—he avoids confusion by defining his terms in an introductory section valuable for giving the philosophical springs of this kind of fiction. His study is important for two reasons: he documents the stream of novels, so influential in its own time, which dealt with the "man of feeling" and the heroine of tender heart. The heroines, if they are no longer extant, are clearly the literary ancestors of Little Nell and Amelia Sedley (and Ma Perkins). He also shows the great amount of mutual influence exerted by French and English fiction. He is as thorough as one could wish, exhuming dozens of novelists and giving post-mortem synopses of their works. His style,

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unfortunately, is singularly graceless —which makes his book one for the reference shelf instead of the reading table.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by B. Ifor Evans. Staples Press. $1.75. Professor Evans's handbook, originally issued in 1940 as a British paper Pelican, is now given the deserved dignity of hard covers. In its 200 small pages he manages to compress the whole panorama of English literature. The arrangement is wise for his purposes: after a brief background sketch of England before the Conquest he traces in turn the development of poetry, drama, the novel, and (non-fictive) prose from their beginnings to the present. One of the reasons he can cover so much material swiftly is his ability to fashion a phrase that is both vivid and broad. He describes Congreve's dramatic milieu: "The triumph in his world is not of good over evil, but of the elegant over the inelegant, of the witty over the dull, of the graceful over the boorish." One may cavil at minor omissions and emphases, but it is in general an admirable survey, less opinionated and less impeded by collateral materials than the "Concise Cambridge History of English Literature." For its clean organization, good sense, and pungent style it is a first-rate book.

ENGLAND YESTERDAY & TODAY, edited by F. Alan Walbank. Batsford. $3.75. To illustrate the social history of England from 1837 to 1938 Mr. Walbank has extracted and arranged more than 100 short pieces from novels written during that century. The range is broad, including the masters as well as the forgotten journeymen of the craft, and the selections are brief, between one and three pages. Altogether they make up a brilliant series of pictures, a sort of stereoptican show which flashes before us the changes in English life since Victoria ascended the throne. We see the English at home, at school, and at work; we see them enjoying their leisure; we see them as they lived in country and in town; and we see their upper-class society. These are the seven divisions of the book, and in his selection as well as in his introductions Mr. Walbank tries neither to raise a nostalgic mist for the good old days nor to thump for modern progress. He simply puts before us word-pictures that give an astonishing sense of authenticity. The generous number of pictorial illustrations helps to make this an outstanding book of its kind.

—Robert Halsband.

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THE FINE ARTS

AMONG OTHERS, MARINO MARINI, WHO LIVES IN MILAN

ROME.

THE contemporary Italian art scene continues lively and eager. Each major city has its own school of artists, as during the Renaissance, but today Rome, Milan, and Venice are the most active centers. Milan is the principal market place, and in that city there are more than twenty large collections of modern Italian painting and sculpture—far more than New York can boast in the contemporary American field. Revisiting some of these collections recently, I was again impressed by the qualitative average, though almost no works by non-Italian artists are to be seen. (The prices of foreign pictures are extremely high in relation to those of Italy, and the habit of artistic isolationism, if waning fast, is still ingrained.) The Italian collectors work hard at their avocation, and several have extensive libraries on twentieth-century art. A majority of them, perhaps to sharpen their comparative judgment, have adopted a curious method of showing their possessions. The works of a given painter are hung all together, one after another, sometimes as many as twenty or thirty in a row. The system leads to stamp-album monotony, and I cannot see that its final advantages are real.

Most of the leading artists live in Rome or Milan, though at Venice there is a small but vigorous group which includes the painters Pizzinato and Santomaso and the "abstract" sculptor Alberto Viani, recently given first prize in the big sculptural competition at Varese. The Varese award infuriated the academicians, and their anger was increased when a second modern sculptor, Pericle Fazzini, of Rome, shared the sculptors' prize at St-Vincent. Such prizes, in cash, are important to all but the most securely established artists, for the newer or lesser men earn very little through sales. Indeed, it must not be supposed that the lot of the advanced painter or sculptor has been easy since the collapse of Fascist officialdom, or that the forces of reaction are scattered and impotent. On the contrary, there is here a rather savage opposition to whatever is new and courageous in art. At Venice, for example, several of the best modern artists have been given studio space at the Academy of Fine Arts. But they are not allowed to show the students their work, and only the convinced support of a few members of the controlling commission keeps their names on the Academy's list.

In recent months, the conservatives have been cheered on by Giorgio di Chirico, internationally the most famous living artist of Italy. Once one of the decisive figures in the modern movement, which he now bombards (along with such targets as the United States of America, France, all art critics, and practically all other artists), Di Chirico is today the indefatigable author of abusive letters to the press. The dim and the doddering applaud him; the young groan. He is currently suing the Biennial Exposition of Venice for 5,000,000 lire because they exhibited some of his earlier works last year without his permission. If he wins the suit, as seems unlikely, he will have deprived public institutions of a fundamental educational liberty; he will have established the dubious moral principle that art belongs essentially and wholly to the man who creates it rather than to the humanity of which the artist is only a part. Lately, however, Di Chirico's and other diatribes have been drowned out to some extent in Italy by the triumphant peals of Louis Armstrong's trumpet and by the blare of publicity which has accompanied the release here of Ingrid Bergman's "Joan of Arc." The Italian public is delighted with Miss Bergman's Nordic esteem for Roberto Rossellini. It will go to see her in anything, which is to say that it will go to see her in "Joan of Arc."

A very decided asset in the struggle of modern Italian artists against public indifference, academic contempt, and sometimes against religious censorship is the fact that nearly all the outstanding scholars in earlier art fields are also deeply interested in the painting and sculpture of their own time. It was gratifying, for instance, to visit one of Florence's most eminent Renaissance authorities and to see on his walls a Giorgio Morandi of 1923 hanging near a Lorenzo Lotto —to realize that if this man has done much to reappraise numerous artists from Italy's great past, he is also the first to have written a monograph

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on the remarkable sculpture of Umberto Boccioni, futurism's central figure in art. We have in America, too, some art experts in traditional fields who are aware of contemporary activity. These are very, very few, and perhaps nowhere except in Italy is art so widely regarded by its eminent historians as a logical continuum, right down to the present.

In the end, of course, only the quality of the works currently being produced can decide whether modern art will prosper or decline. Italy's postwar painting and sculpture show decided energy and promise. More than that, there are some vital personalities. Among the older men, I would name first Giorgio Morandi, a solitary, dedicated painter whose subject matter is deliberately restricted to still lifes of bottles (he has done occasional landscapes, but none since 1944; he painted a few portraits in youth, but now dislikes portraiture intensely). I went to see Morandi at Bologna, where he has lived all his life, with very rare excursions even to nearby cities. A tall, straight man, with cropped gray hair, a long, ascetic face, a strong jaw, and heavy hands, he lives with his sister in an apartment in the center of town. He talks slowly and gently, almost never about his own work except in modest reply to direct questions. On the apartment walls are a Jacopo da Bologna and three drawings by the Douanier Rousseau: brothers in emotional directness living 600 years apart. Morandi's studio is a small room off his bedroom, and on the tables and the floor are the models from which he works —bottles in all shapes and colors, tin boxes, artificial flowers, and fluted, celluloid babies' rattles, white and blue or pink and white. Seeing these simple objects and glancing from them to the completed pictures on the walls, it was overwhelmingly apparent how personal and valid has been his achievement. Like Vermeer and Chardin before him, like the Douanier Rousseau, of whom he spoke so much, Morandi has created a rich and subtle synthesis of form, a remarkable lyricism of light and tone. Coming away from his studio, I was more than ever convinced how heretical is the theory that critics should never know the artists about whom they write. To see how Morandi works is more than a privilege; it is an inestimable help toward understanding why he is so universally—and justly —considered in Italy as that country's finest painter of today.

The principal artist of the middle generation is, I think, the sculptor Marino Marini, who lives in Milan. Like many of the greatest sculptors,

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Marini has come slowly to the mature authority he now shows. Born in Pistoia, thoroughly Tuscan by heritage and in temperament, he studied in youth at the Academy of Fine Arts in nearby Florence. Afterwards he traveled a great deal, lived in Paris for several years, and developed an almost scholarly knowledge of the major sculptural traditions, both Western and Oriental. This knowledge protects him from eclecticism by its very range, and almost everything he has created during the past five years is strongly his own. His power is immense, his psychological acuity and plastic sense are exceptional. What is perhaps most notable about his recent work is that it brings to the contemporary idiom a new human warmth. It is this quality in his art which means most to the younger sculptors of Italy. One of the latter, for example, mentioned Marini and Henry Moore as the prophets of a direction he hoped to follow, a direction which does not abandon the great accomplishment of Brancusi and Arp but strives to extend it toward a more apparent humanism.

At Rome the leading younger painter, now more securely than ever, is Renato Guttuso. The very opposite of a facile craftsman, Guttuso has fought hard to attain a style. But he is vigorous and convinced, and both his color and his harsh, woodcut-like contours proclaim a personal signature. He is growing, and he is already, I think, a more considerable artist than any of his Parisian counterparts in age and tendency. In recent months we have often heard in America that Guttuso had knuckled under to the banal artistic directives of the Communist Party, of which he is an ardent member. I saw a number of new pictures in his studio and a few others in private collections. In none of these could I find any evidence that he has compromised with his instinctive approach to painting. His subjects are humanitarian by preference, but he is a long way from Social Realism as the Soviet Union defines it. His point of departure is Picasso's art of the past fifteen years (he admires the great Spaniard enormously, and seems to have been the only Italian painter in whom Picasso was interested during his recent visit to Rome). But Guttuso's art is unmistakably Italian in every respect.

With Morandi, Marini, and Guttuso, with men like Pizzinato, Viani, and Bruno Cassinari, with the astonishingly talented Roman youngsters Vespignani, Muccini, and Graziella Urbinati, postwar Italy is holding the momentum which the Fascist downfall released. —James Thrall Soby.

Isms in Art

THE AESTHETIC THEORIES OF FRENCH ARTISTS. By Charles E. Gauss. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 111 *pp.* $3.

By Sholom J. Kahn

ANYONE who still thinks that the various movements of modern art have been the products of wilful and irrational eccentrics should read this slender but thoroughly documented book.

Starting with the rejection of Gustave Courbet's realism by the jury of the Exposition in 1855, a rapid survey explores the ideas which motivated the painting of Manet, Seurat, Pissarro, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, Braque, Dali, and others, down to the present. Happily, Mr. Gauss does not attempt to be exhaustive. Rather, the essence of each significant movement (realism, impressionism, symbolism, fauvism, cubism, and surrealism) is briefly stated, as often as possible in the artist's own words, from letters or manifestoes. Sometimes the writings of outstanding critics contemporary with the artists (Taine for realism, Denis for symbolism, Apollinaire and Breton for surrealism) are also used. The result is a handy sampling of, and guide to, the essential literature of these influential art schools.

However, instead of piling quotation on quotation, the author has been content to select only the most significant ones and then discuss the central point of each theory, relating it to important movements of thought in each intellectual generation. Realism is seen as a reflection of Comte's positivism; symbolism, of Bergson and Croce; cubism, of the relativistic physics of Russell and Whitehead; surrealism, of Freudian psychology, and so forth. Unfortunately, these correlations are sometimes sketchily made and not sufficiently integrated with the rest of the material; in the case of symbolism and Schelling's absolute, for example, the reader is left wishing that it had been probed a bit deeper.

A central theme, which gradually emerges, lends an added, almost dramatic, interest to the reading: the various theories are seen as "mutations or denials of realist suppositions." This helps us to understand, not merely the perennial desire of art to capture, understand, and idealize reality, but also the historical development, the manner in which one "ism" has followed another in rapid and somewhat confusing succession during the last century.

In brief, the realist strove for an

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exact copying of his model, seeking to imitate the beauty in natural objects. Following the scientific ideal, the impressionists applied theories concerning the nature of light and color, Cézanne sought to abstract volumes and express the density of nature, and the cubists carried the relativity principle to extremes in their search for new perspectives. Others, reacting against science, sought inspiration in intuition and psychology.

Of course, this entire approach to art, via the history of ideas, has been questioned by critics who prefer to analyze the work of art "in itself," whatever that may mean. Aware of these criticisms, Mr. Gauss has defended his procedure in a capable introduction, objecting to the separation of the act of creation from the act of criticism. The classification of men into "doers" and "thinkers" is for him the result of a "false abstraction." True, the proper business of the artist is to make art objects, but he is also a man with ideas, and these are usually not irrelevant to an appreciation of the esthetic qualities of the works he produces.

Though Mr. Gauss's central concern is with "painterly problems," it might have been refreshing if, perhaps with the aid of a few illustrations, he had taken the trouble to show specifically how different ideas had resulted in different styles of painting and more purely esthetic solutions. Instead, this is a book on artists without a single picture. Picasso is missing, and not enough is made of the rise of photography in explaining the reaction against realism.

But these are minor criticisms of a solid, if admittedly modest, achievement.

A Way of Seeing

ON JUDGING WORKS OF VISUAL ART. By Conrad Fiedler. Berkeley: University of California Press. 76 pp. $2.

By JOHN F. KIENITZ

THIS translation of a book published in Germany in 1876 introduces the reader to the creator of the "pure visibility" theory in painting.

Conrad Fiedler (1841-1895) was a member of a serious artistic circle which included Hans von Marees and Adolf Hildebrand. Out of his understanding of the psychology of the painter and his investigation of the creative process Fiedler emerged as pioneer of the idea that art experience is unique, that it is a way of seeing man and nature through the eyes of a genius whose gift is visual perception.

Fiedler argues the autonomy of art. He wants artistic insight kept clear of scientific outlook; he separates it from habitual ways of looking at life. He assures us that a painter is equipped to open our eyes to the world. Like Emily Dickinson, he knows that "perception of an object is, precise, the object's loss." Fiedler has influenced all subsequent theorists who have tried to isolate the creative experience of man. His book comes to us out of the overly-maligned nineteenth century as one more proof of merit in another of that century's pioneers of the spirit. He has been no luckier than his contemporaries: his theories have been pulled into rude caricatures of themselves through the inept handling of more awkward minds.

He himself would have all honor paid to the artist-as-individual, as a cunning eye which everyone could trust to its own devices. He tries to show that "a real understanding of a work of art is only possible if it is grounded upon an artistic understanding of the world." He offers us no theories of beauty, new or old. He abhors all positivist attempts to reach a science of art. As far as he is concerned, genuine possession of a work of art occurs only when the spectator "has become perfectly convinced of its importance for his own spiritual and intellectual enrichment." With his book we should be able to free ourselves from the universal conception of painting as the frivolous preoccupation of idlers.

Fiedler's is an involved style, to an extreme. It is small exaggeration to say that every one of his sentences

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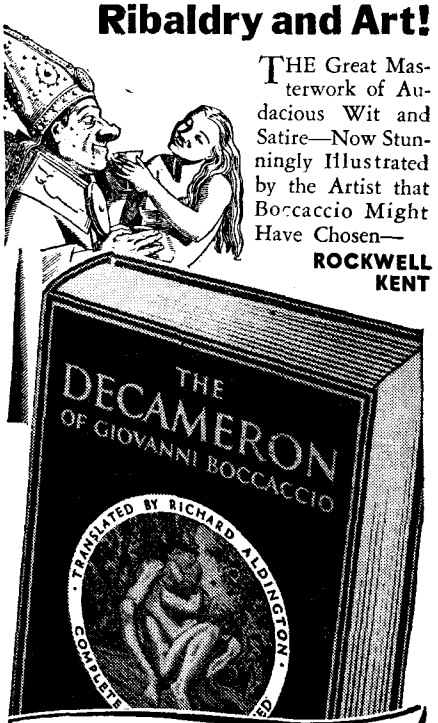

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is a fruitful text for speculation and debate. The translators have kept these highly concentrated essences of his under fine control. And so we have a translation that violates no meaning in the German and reads with ease in English. The long sentences of the original have been cut to much shorter ones. The result sharpens the aphoristic depths in which Fiedler lived his thought.

There is a danger that this book may miss the large public it deserves. Yet it offers us a chance to go back to the sources, to the idea of the artist as a man of unusually intense feeling coupled with extraordinary power of mind. When Fiedler ponders the ambitions of science, he speaks for 1876 and for all of us who have been, as Fiedler was, schooled in apprehension.

John Fabian Kienitz is chairman of the Department of Art History at the University of Wisconsin.

The Organic View

AESTHETICS. By James K. Feibleman. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 463 pp. $5.

By Stephen C. Pepper

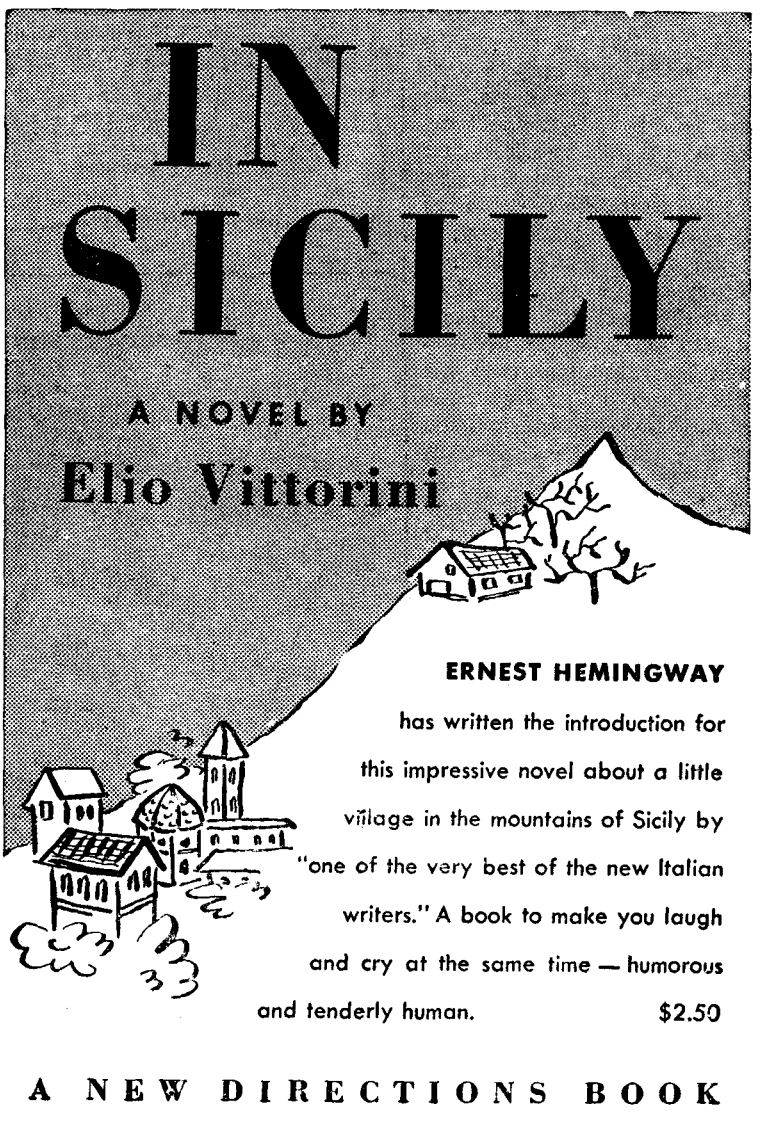
IN A PERIOD when so many writers are lightly assuming subjectivism in the values of beauty and art, it is a pleasure to come upon a book whose author is deeply convinced of an esthetic objectivity. Feibleman is undoubtedly correct in saying that "the objective postulate has a claim at least as great as the subjective," and that "the recent revival of the former by thinkers of English and American schools suggests that a reconsideration of the foundations and interpretation of esthetics and of art is called for."

Such a reconsideration Feibleman presents with maturity of thought and many points of originality. The general type of theory into which this book fits is the organic view. "Works of art have a logic of their own. . . . In the imaginative construction of an original work of art, elements of the actual world are placed in new combinations in which they are fused, as it were, organically." This theory has a long ancestry. Part of its strength comes from the line of able and never superficial thinkers who have espoused it.

The first part of the book develops Feibleman's interpretation of a tenable organic theory. To many this interpretation will probably be thought too heavily weighted with the vocabulary and methods of abstract logical analysis. Feibleman likes to phrase his descriptions of art and its processes in terms of postulates and deducible conclusions. Sometimes he seems to conceive a work of art almost as if it were a geometrical system. For this reason his descriptions frequently seem lacking in a certain warmth usually associated with the pursuit of qualitative integration in art. Nevertheless, this mathematical bent of his produces one of the most original and intriguing chapters in his book, the one on "Aesthetic Measure." Here he briefly reviews the history of attempts to measure the value of art in mathematically quantitative terms, and then formulates a scheme of his own. He applies it to two paintings of Van Gogh. It is startling to learn that in respect to their complexity-dimensions, one of them totals eighty-eight and the other 118. Feibleman has no lack of intellectual courage. Whatever one may think of such a numerical judgment, he gives in his analysis much food for reflection on the quantitative features of the organic whole. He admits in the end that "we do not have the standards of exact comparison, even though we can make extreme comparisons safely."

Another chapter of great interest is that on "The Place of Art in Human Culture," in which he accepts the theory that cultures have life cycles of birth, maturity, and decay, believes that the environment most favorable to the best art is that of a culture in its maturity, but takes the unusual position that art of classic maturity may be produced in unfavorable cultural environments.

The second part of the book is a series of essays, rather loosely put together, on various applications of the theory developed in the first part. There is a definition of poetry, a novel interpretation of "Hamlet," some reflections on Cézanne's objectivism, and so on. There is a fascinating essay on "Human Life as a Fine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Art," and the book ends with an essay on irrational movements in art which, he argues, simply prove in reverse the essential rationality of art.

The book is written in a freely flowing style easily understandable to the layman. Yet it is not a popular book in any disparaging sense.

Stephen C. Pepper is chairman of the Art Department at the University of California and author of "Principles of Art Appreciation."

Art Book Notes

MASTERPIECES OF SCULPTURE FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, edited by Charles Seymour, Jr. Coward-McCann. $9.75. Fifty-six superb examples of the sculpture in Washington's National Gallery, ranging from anonymous French and English pieces of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to Rodin of the early twentieth, are reproduced here in 141 large photographic plates. Most of the pieces are shown in two views and some in three—a happy idea because the infinite number of angles at which sculpture in the round can be viewed profitably is often lost sight of. In each instance the work has been photographed expertly and with an understanding of sculpture. Dr. Charles Seymour, Jr., formerly of the National Gallery and now of Yale University, made the selections and has furnished a short introduction and fairly extensive notes on each piece.

THE NATIVITY OF SANDRO BOTTICELLI, by Lionello Venturi. Harper. $2.50. A masterpiece with a timely subject is here reproduced in full color in a sixteen-page, paper-bound, handsomely boxed volume. As in other books in Harper's Form and Color Series, the entire painting is reproduced as a frontispiece, and significant details—six in this instance—are also shown in their original size. The text, by the distinguished art historian Professor Lionello Venturi, of the University of Rome, treats, among other matters, the Florence of Botticelli's day and the reaction of the artist to the martyrdom of Savonarola.

This will make a splendid Christmas card for anyone who can afford $2.50 for the purpose.

FRENCH MASTER DRAWINGS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by Erwin Gradmann. Harper. $2.50. Although Watteau was in his early thirties when he died, French art of the eighteenth century is in a

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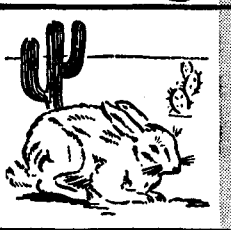

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sense his lengthened shadow. With the exception of Gillot, who was one of his mentors, all the artists represented in this book are in some way his descendants; some, like Pater and Lancret, quite immediate descendants. In this excellently edited and printed volume, Watteau himself is allotted fifteen reproductions, Fragonard six, and Greuze three. Other artists are represented in lesser numbers. In all, there are fifty-six full-page drawings brimful of *joie de vivre*. The very competent introduction and the informative notes on each picture are the work of Erwin Gradmann, director of the Print Room of Zurich's Federal Institute of Technology.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS, by R. H. Wilenski. Harcourt, Brace. $8.75. This is the fourth, corrected edition of a now standard work covering the period from 1863 to the present. Eschewing critical and esthetic considerations, the author, one of the foremost living art historians and critics, presents an exhaustive, copiously documented chronicle of the artistic developments and personalities of the last eight decades. Interspersed throughout the work are many long sections in which political and cultural events are reported in order to show their relation to the art of the time. There are more than 150 reproductions, eight of them in color, that point up the text. The book has several useful appendices and a good index.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, by Thomas Bodkin. FLEMISH PICTURES, by Thomas Bodkin. BLAKE, by Geoffrey Keynes. KLEE, by Herbert Read. Pitman. $1.95 each. With these additions, the Pitman Gallery now has sixteen titles on its well-rounded list. Each paper-bound volume contains ten excellent color reproductions, which are fastened to the page by only a thin line of adhesive, permitting them to be removed easily for framing. Since there is a thoughtful and informative note facing each plate, there is much to be gained by allowing them to remain *in situ*.

As is true throughout the series, the notes and introduction in each instance are contributed by a man outstanding in his field. Professor Thomas Bodkin of the University of Birmingham approaches his subjects from the standpoint of the historian, his notes being largely descriptive. The pictures included in "The Virgin and Child" are selected from the early Renaissance, a period in which that subject was painted from a deeply religious impulse rather than from a desire merely to illustrate. The contents of "Flemish Pictures" are chosen from the work of the early painters of Flanders; this preserves a unity of feeling and cultural background that would have been impossible if the selections had been drawn from a wider period and thus had nothing more in common than the accident of geography. Dr. Geoffrey Keynes handles "Blake" biographically, packing his text with scrupulously researched fact and shrewd analysis. Herbert Read, who is fast becoming one of the most ubiquitous writers of introductions to art books, approaches Klee's work through the personality of the artist, resorting at one point to Jungian psychology. —L. R. SANDER.

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(*Continued from page 34*)

public life and the flabby indifference of their opponents, who are unaware of what is taking place and of the gravity of the situation which has been produced."

Such is the indictment. But if Mr. Flynn's readers are to bring in a true bill there are two questions which they will have to consider. Are there no problems? Have the events of the past half-century played no part at all in the changes that have come about? Mr. Flynn insists that "no one knows better than I do that there are grave maladjustments in our economic system . . . " But virtually in the same breath he declares that we must "stop apologizing" for capitalism, "get rid of compromising leaders," put an end to "crisis government," and generally close our eyes to those grave maladjustments he knows so well. But the question remains: will this solve the problems?

Mr. Flynn's belief that "Socialist propagandists" have been able to score a put-out on a whole civilization without even an assist from history is a very great compliment to the persuasive powers of these people, even granting that they are effectively masked. How does he explain it? Surely his side has had its turn at bat. They control virtually all our schools. They own virtually the entire press of the country. They carry considerable weight even in the churches. Does Mr. Flynn mean to suggest that in spite of all these advantages they have never had an opportunity to present their case? And if not, how does he explain the amazing success he attributes to the dissidents?

The grand jury will also wish to know a little more about Mr. Flynn's final admonition. It is that "we cannot depend on any political party to save us. We must build a power outside the parties so strong that the parties will be compelled to yield to its demands." Just what will this power be, Mr. Flynn? Not, obviously, the power of communication, since that has never been lacking. Not the power of money, since that, too, is assumed. You say that "leadership must pass into the hands of men who understand this new kind of warfare"; but this sentence appears on the last page of the book, and without elaboration. What men? What kind of warfare? Such matters are better not left to the imagination.

C. E. Ayres is professor of economics at the University of Texas.

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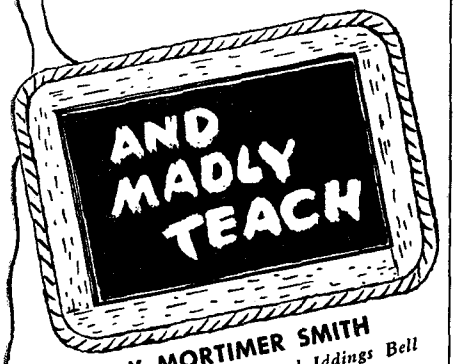

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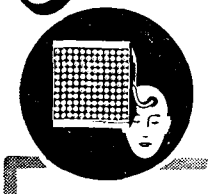

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love to share, to give.

—LILLIAN EVERTS.

* * *

MODERN MINUTEMAN

(With a Bow to *The Reader's Digest*)

When our home on a quiet street in Scranton burned down, my wife, Anne, smiled quietly. Instead of accepting defeat we immediately took the money from the insurance company and built another house. Unfortunately, it burned down before we had time to take out insurance on it. I can only remember Edgar Guest's sage remark, "It takes a heap of livin' to make a house a home." We didn't care about that last one. We both smiled quietly.

Due to a series of circumstances my insurance business failed at this time. Instead of accepting defeat I discovered that my hobby, the collecting of buttons of pre-Revolutionary-War vintage, interested people. Soon I had a thriving little stand going on a vacant lot. Looking back on it all now, the joy in people's eyes when their eyes would fall on a sergeant's button which had been shattered by a minie ball was more important than the money we lost on the venture. My wife, Anne, remarked quietly one day after an oldster had just admired our display: "That oldster served in the same regiment as the man who wore this button." We both smiled quietly. We knew we were making history, playing a part in the American Drama.

When the man who owned the vacant lot threw us off we didn't worry. It wasn't our lot and—besides—we had added to the general knowledge of the neighborhood. I will always treasure the memory of the day a small boy, with a distinct New England twang, walked into our quiet stand on this suburban Southern street. His eyes gleamed as he studied the buttons. "Jeez!" he said happily, "look a da slugs." Anne smiled quietly, I remember. Yes, that was living!

Later, after we had left the lot, I took odd jobs. Anne and the children trudged along in our old Franklin as we went from place to place. We smelled the aspen of Vermont at dawn, heard the melodious singing of the Colorado lark at sunset, dug our bare toes deep into the far earth of Idaho pulling crisp potatoes from the ground. Yes, we worked hard—but we added to the Great American Dream.

It was unfortunate when little Alf was caught up in a wheat machine on the glorious Oregon plains.

I shall never forget that day. There was a soft, whispering breeze tossing the wheat tops. A warm sun beckoned for the stalks to grow toward it. Little Alf had just tucked in a particularly choice handful of stalks. "See, Pop!" he cried, "it's so tall!" I turned to answer and—whish!—little Alf was gone. . . .

Anne smiled quietly when I told her the news. "Little Alf," she said, "has added to the Great American Dream of an expanding agricultural West." I've often thought about that. He did. That remark—the priceless heritage of his birthright—should become a guiding symbol for every boy who picks ripe wheat on the whispering fields of Oregon! Nowhere else does wheat grow as tall. Or so whispering. Looking back, I know that both Anne and I were enriched by this chapter of our lives, much as we missed little Alf.

Later we worked along the citrus belt of California, drinking in the

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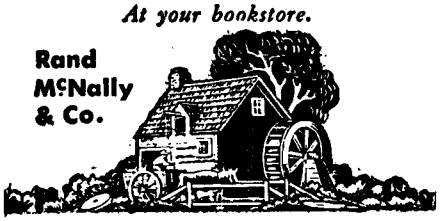

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deep, red sunshine, a happy song in our hearts. It was there we lost Dee-Dum, our baby. It was a moonlight night. We were working out of glowing Los Angeles in an orange field. Our Franklin was parked nearby. Dee-Dum was standing near a smudge pot, rubbing her chubby little hands together. It was a bracing, invigorating night. I turned as Dee-Dum went —puff!—and was gone. But the memory of her lingered on. I shall never forget the fragrance of the orange blossoms blending with the sweet childish perfume of Dee-Dum. I thought then that—despite the deep feeling of loss—I knew deep inside that Dee-Dum had helped make it possible to bring orange juice to the tables throughout America. It lent great nobility to her passing.

Anne smiled quietly when I told her the news. Now there were only three of us, Anne, the Franklin, and I. Much as our hearts told us of the sorrow they felt, we knew that we were richer for it all. We could hold our chins high. We had added to the American Dream.

The Franklin toppled over in the Louisiana sugar-cane fields. We were both beaten and tired, Anne and I, when we heard our beloved friend give its last wheeze. But we got out and walked, knowing that we would be better for it. Anne smiled quietly.

Later Anne passed on, in Alabama or Georgia. She was like a tired dove. It was a wonderful day—one of the soft Southern days when the river boats are steaming, the darkies a-singin'. I shall never forget that day as I stood over her dying figure. A darkie stopped. "She dyin', Massa," he mumbled, "She goin' to the Green Pastures." Anne smiled quietly, and passed on. That night I went to a revival meeting and thought about the remark. It seemed to me that it symbolized something deep and significant in our heritage.

Today I sit without my family or Franklin or home or button stand. I am in an old folks' home, penniless. They are grand people here. Wise old taxi-drivers from The Bronx, rustics from Maine, tenant farmers from the South with a true love of the soil, Brooklyn Irish cops who are always ready to exchange a quip for a quip. It is really grand. And—looking back—I can see what great spiritual strength I have gained, how rich I am in the real things of life. Through my misfortunes I have entered a new world of character and—in my own small way—added to the national heritage.

—DICK MATHISON.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 819

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Popular ballet by Delibes, 1870.	122 101 139 155 105 10 147 64
B. What Aaron was in the Temple (2 wds.; Bib.).	68 42 60 173 3 30 124 152 84 97
C. Prussian victory in the Seven Years' War, Nov. 5, 1757.	53 134 162 45 98 87 31 149
D. All spirits believed to live in the lower world (Latin; Rom. Relig.).	113 138 23 108 41 110
E. Peak in the Sawatch range, Colorado, 14,179 ft. high.	109 27 179 65 141 90 47
F. A fit of nervousness; a fidget (local U. S.).	5 51 143 94 172 104 71 111
G. A piccolo (Ital.; music).	56 116 61 7 120 36 144 24
H. Leading painter of the Empire period, France (1758-1823).	57 156 137 167 95 62 48
I. So. African race of which the Namas are the purest extant.	55 131 177 161 99 166 150 46 67
J. Bringing to pass.	4 112 100 79 9 168 33 59 163
K. An oyster that grows in its natural bed without cultivation, etc. (Gulf states).	154 70 107 135 52 127
L. One of three Hebrews miraculously saved from the fiery furnace (Bib.).	170 77 133 72 20 12 32

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. First name of famous Persian poet and astronomer (died about about 1123).	11 178 39 164
N. A holy sage (Hinduism).	69 93 180 118 96
O. Publisher and theatrical producer (1886-1933; "Hamlet in Modern Dress").	38 81 43 50 25 58 145 6 26
P. Red coloring matter found in the cell sap of plants, coloring autumn leaves (bot.).	28 102 76 8 151 40 117 85 63 142 130 37
Q. A chasm; mouth; opening.	88 73 14 82
R. Ostentatious adornment or dressing up.	74 19 165 80 13 153 129 91
S. Hint; intimation.	21 160 17 86 169 114 83
T. Engaged in a noisy frolic or gathering (chiefly U. S.)	75 15 92 146 2 35 44 126
U. Lake battle that made Commodore Perry famous, Sept. 10, 1813.	128 16 175 66
V. Dutch poet, influenced by Goethe (1753-1824).	136 157 89 18 123
W. Absolute; total; entire.	29 148 132 121 174
X. A bishop or bishops (2 wds.).	140 119 49 34 106 125 54 159 78 103 176
Y. A greenish or purplish luster on black feathers (poultry).	158 1 171 115 22

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

	1 Y	2 T	3 B	4 J		5 F	6 O	7 G	8 P		9 J	10 A	11 M	12 L	13 R	14 Q
15 T	16 U	17 S		18 V	19 R	20 L	21 S	22 Y		23 D	24 G	25 O		26 O	27 E	28 P
	29 W	30 B	31 C	32 L	33 J	34 X		35 T	36 G	37 P	38 O		39 M	40 P	41 D	42 B
43 O	44 T		45 C	46 I	47 E	48 H		49 X	50 O		51 F	52 K	53 C	54 X		55 I
56 G	57 H	58 O	59 J	60 B		61 G	62 H		63 P	64 A	65 E	66 U		67 I	68 B	69 N
70 K	71 F		72 L	73 Q	74 R	75 T	76 P		77 L	78 X	79 J	80 R	81 O	82 Q	83 S	84 B
	85 P	86 S	87 C	88 Q	89 V	90 E	91 R		92 T	93 N	94 F	95 H		96 N	97 B	
98 C	99 I	100 J	101 A	102 P	103 X		104 F	105 A		106 X	107 K	108 D	109 E		110 D	111 F
	112 J	113 D	114 S	115 Y		116 G	117 P		118 N	119 X	120 G	121 W		122 A	123 V	124 B
125 X	126 T	127 K	128 U	129 R		130 P	131 I	132 W	133 L		134 C	135 K		136 V	137 H	138 D
	139 A	140 X	141 E	142 P	143 F	144 G	145 O		146 T	147 A	148 W	149 C		150 I	151 P	152 B
153 R	154 K		155 A	156 H	157 V	158 Y	159 X	160 S	161 I	162 C		163 J	164 M	165 R	166 I	167 H
	168 J	169 S	170 L	171 Y		172 F	173 B	174 W	175 U	176 X	177 I	178 M	179 E	180 N		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 72 of this issue.

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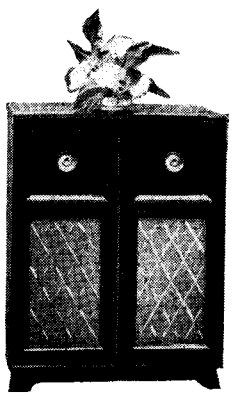

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